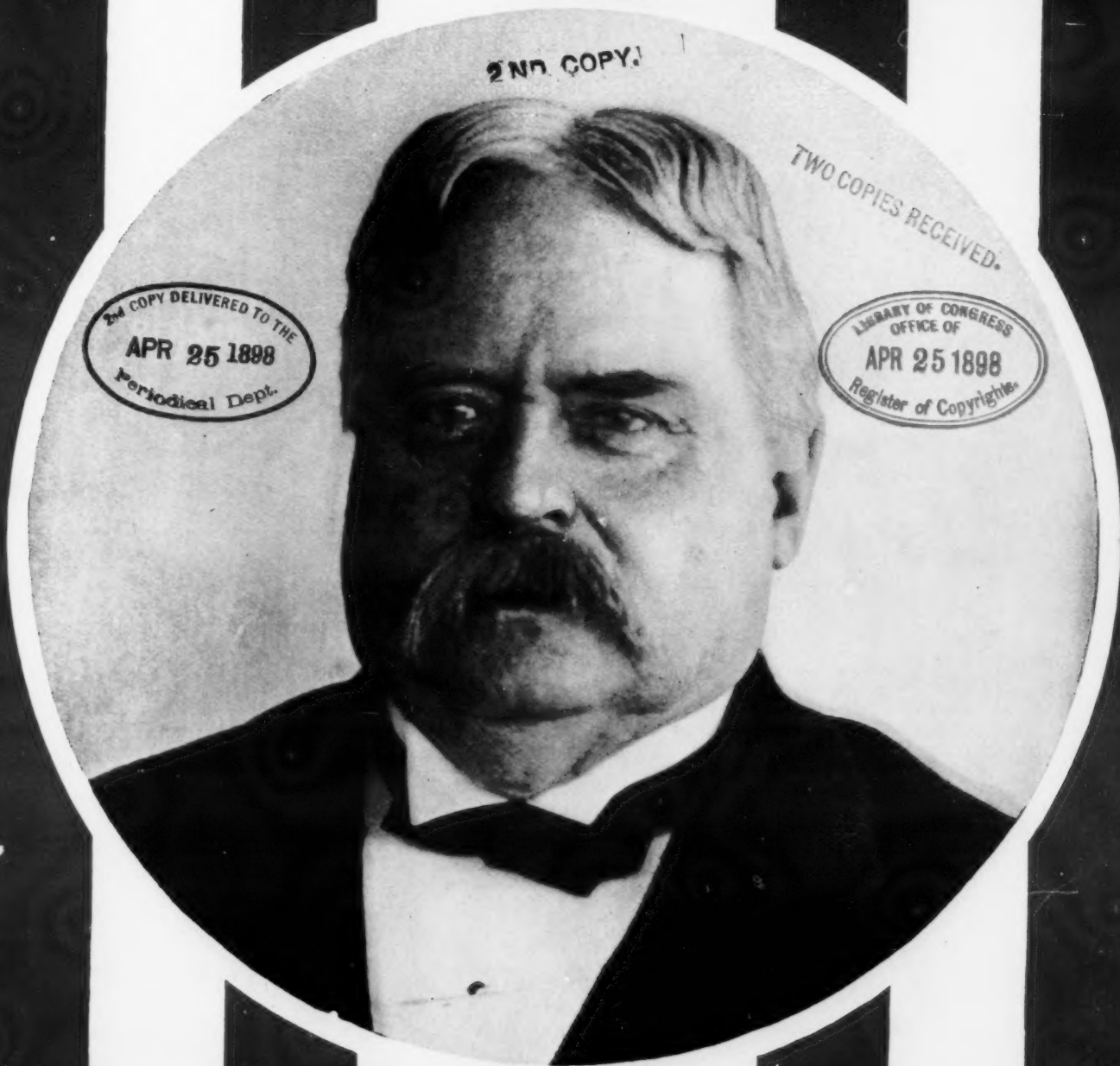


PRICE 10 CENTS.

No. 204. April 25, 1898.

LEE WEE

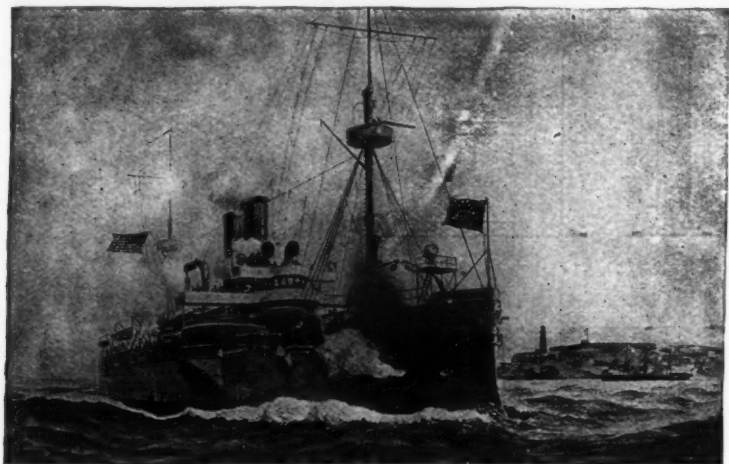


Published by the
ARNELL PUBLISHING CO.,
New York.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE,
THE HERO FROM DIXIE'S LAND.

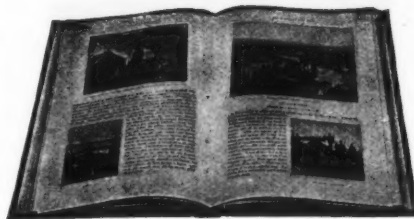
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



ANNOUNCEMENT

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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THE GREAT

Memorial War Book

takes pleasure in presenting it to its readers on the easiest possible terms.

This magnificent work, illustrated with nearly

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mostly reproduced from the celebrated war-time photographs of Messrs. BRADY and GARDNER, is the most sumptuous work on the Civil War ever published. It presents a series of Pen and Photographic Pictures of Actual Scenes on the March, in the Camp, on the Field of Battle, and in the Trenches.

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Sold only by subscription and only in conjunction with Leslie's Weekly.

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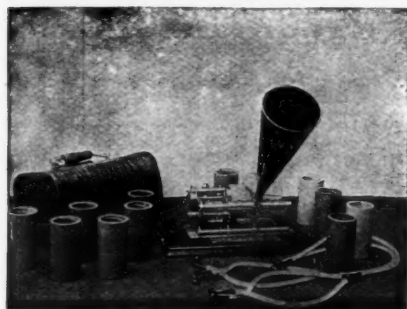
110 Fifth Ave., New York.

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IMPORTANT! There is nothing in the line of talking machines that we do not supply. Write to us for special terms and prices, and full particulars. Correspondence solicited.

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The largest steamship in the world is the new twin-screw express steamer of the North German Lloyd Line, "The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" ("William, the Great"). This magnificent vessel is nearly 656 feet long, and has a displacement of 20,000 tons. It is the greatest achievement of modern ship-building.

We have secured permission from the North German Lloyd Steamship Co. to make a chromo-lithograph in fourteen colors of this splendid vessel. This picture is 40 1/4 inches long and 21 1/4 inches wide, and is one of the largest chromo-lithographs of the kind ever made in this country.

The steamship is shown as it is going up the magnificent harbor of New York, with the massive new edifices known as "sky-scrapers" in the lower part of the city, in the background, constituting a picture well worthy of a place in any library.

It is in the highest style of the plate-printer's art, and is without question the most beautiful view of New York Harbor and its water life that has ever been published.

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address plainly on these lines, and send it, with 25 Cents, to the publisher's address below.

ARKELL PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A pattern of this beautiful Shirt Waist is given FREE with a Six Months' subscription to



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THE NEW TUCKED SHIRT WAIST, Pattern No. 1308.

Comes in Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust Measure.

Read the Thrilling*Story by Clinton Ross, "The Ship That Never Came Home," on Page 261.

SEE OUR HANDSOME PRIZE OFFERS TO NEWS-DEALERS.—[See Editorial Page.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXVI.—No. 2224.
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NEW YORK APRIL 28, 1898.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office.



REMEMBER THE "MAINE."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

APRIL 28, 1898.

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One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
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SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

Prizes for Commercial Travelers.

THE Commercial Travelers' stories, which have been printed from time to time in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, in competition for our offers of a prize of fifty dollars for the best story of from one hundred to five hundred words, and one hundred dollars for the best story of from five hundred to two thousand words, is getting very interesting as June 1st—the date of the close of the contest—approaches. We shall publish fresh installments of these stories from time to time as opportunity and space permit, and invite commercial travelers throughout the world to send us their most interesting experiences and take a chance in the competition.

The President's Vindication.

THE peace-loving world may never know how much it owes to President McKinley. Whether our destiny is to have peace or war, the conduct of President McKinley stands above reproach.

The Cuban question was inherited by his administration, and its gravity was at once recognized. The steps that President McKinley took, immediately after his inauguration, to personally acquaint himself with the condition of affairs in Cuba, and the protective measures which, with the far-seeing eye of a great statesman, he set on foot, may not be revealed to the public. Nor is the public cognizant of the hours of patient study which he has devoted, day by day, during the past three months, to the grave question which threatened to disturb the welfare of the civilized world. From nine o'clock in the morning until long after midnight on each secular day the President has been at work with tireless patience, indefatigable industry, and always with an earnest devotion to the welfare of his country.

Step by step the negotiations for the freedom of Cuba have proceeded. The De Lôme insult, the Maine outrage, the deceptions of diplomacy, the bluster, the threats, and the recriminations of politicians—all are a part of recent history. The public mind, inflamed and intolerant of the situation, gradually became impatient even with the President himself. But nothing has moved him from his settled purpose and his clear conviction.

On the very verge of war, with all its horrors, all its possibilities of destruction to life and happiness, not to speak of property interests, the nation calmly pursued its accustomed way, transacted its business by day, and slept peacefully at night. Upon the shoulders of the chief executive rested the gravest of all responsibilities, and the nation trusted him to carry it safely. Rash and impetuous demands for hasty and hostile action were heard. Congressmen, under the pressure of their hot-headed constituents, filled the air with cries for speedy action, but amid all the tumult the President stood serene.

He stilled the storm by the persuasive power of his personal pleading. He realized, what the country, strangely enough, had not comprehended, that we were drifting into a conflict with a nation that was on a war footing. He knew that we were totally unprepared for war. Munitions, ships, stores, supplies, of vast amount and infinite variety, were absolutely required before a step could be taken. Harbor defenses, a closer connection between exposed points, and the installation of modern armaments—a thousand things, had to be done, and done at once. Modern guns required supplies of modern ammunition, of which there was scarcely any to be obtained on this side of the water. This was the situation as the President, the heads of the army and the navy, and the Cabinet saw it, and it was left discreetly undisclosed to the world.

The first need was for funds, and, under the persuasive influence of the President, Congress, practically by a unanimous vote, quickly and quietly intrusted to his personal expenditure the enormous sum of \$50,000,000. Like magic, the defenses of the country grew stronger. Gun-boats, naval and army supplies, torpedoes, great engines of war, became available, and in the twinkling of an eye we were changed from a peace to a war footing. The frightful consequences of the opening of hostilities before we were prepared to meet the enemy need not be dwelt upon. We can leave that to the imagination. What might have happened if Spain had realized our helplessness three months ago can also be left to the imagination.

It was President McKinley who knew the absolute necessity for delay as much as the necessity for statesmanship of the highest quality, in dealing with the Cuban question.

We have lost nothing by his statesmanship. We have gained everything by his prudence—a prudence that never forsook him, even when our preparations for war were complete. His message to Congress is a calm, dispassionate, judicial presentation of our case, and upon that presentation of facts and of evidence we are ready to go before the jury of the nations of the world. The American people will rest satisfied with the verdict, for but one verdict can be given and that the President and the American people will accept. That verdict, in the language of the President's message, is that "the war in Cuba must stop!"

And that must be the verdict, whether it comes by peace or by war, and when it shall have been rendered, those who have so wisely and patiently held up the hands of President McKinley will look back, with satisfaction, at every step he has taken, and at the great achievement in the world's progress which his wisdom, sagacity, and discretion have made possible.

The President's message meant more than it said. It signaled that the crisis had come, and that we were fully prepared to meet it. And now let there be no thought of peace until the Spanish flag in Cuba has been hauled down forever!

The Hero from Dixie's Land.

THE patriotic demonstrations attending the return of General Fitzhugh Lee, our consul-general at Havana, to his native land have rarely been equaled on any other occasion in this country. From the time of his landing in Florida, throughout his long journey to Washington, General Lee received a constant ovation.

He was the man of the day. Thousands gathered to see him and to hear his voice. General Lee was overwhelmed with surprise. He had not sought distinction, he had not looked for popular demonstrations. He had simply done his duty as a brave, loyal, and patriotic American citizen. He had shown his profound love for his country, its institutions, and above all, its flag. This is what touched the hearts of the American people. This has made General Lee perhaps the most conspicuous American of his time.

We welcome this splendid son of old Virginia. His conduct furnishes another proof that the South now more than ever before is the home of the best American patriotism.

A Defense of Jealousy.

It appears now, according to high medical authority, that jealousy, far from being an altogether base and reprehensible trait of weak human nature, and especially of feminine nature, as it is usually depicted, has a distinct value as a factor in the sociological improvement and development of the race. While it has admittedly been the cause of a good many wars, large and small, civil and domestic, from the days of Helen of Troy down to the present time, it has also had a beneficent influence in certain directions.

A writer in the London *Lancet* discusses the value and benefits of jealousy from a sociological, psychological, and medical point of view. The argument is that men are naturally polygamous in their instincts, and that the passion of jealousy being more strongly marked in women, acts as a deterrent upon this unholy tendency in the other sex. In other words, it is the jealousy of married women, so much decried and deplored, that operates to keep married men more closely to the path of constancy than would be the case had they not this terror before their eyes. While the emotion of jealousy when inordinately developed in the woman may actually drive the man to inconstancy by reason of the misery he endures at home, it is believed to operate for the most part in the opposite direction.

Woman's jealousy is said to be, in fact, a tremendous social power, and one that ought to be reckoned with more than it is as a valuable element in human progress.

The Newsdealers' Contest.

IN obedience to the request of many newsdealers, we have decided to prolong the time of competition for the display of LESLIE'S WEEKLY until May 15th. Our offer of three prizes—one of \$25, one of \$15, and the other of \$10—for the three best photographs showing a display of LESLIE'S WEEKLY still stands good. The pictures of the prize-winners and of the successful displays will be printed in LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Photographs must be mailed to us with the mailing-stamp not later than May 15th.

We have received a number of photographs from newdealers, and the letters accompanying them indicate that it pays to display LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Mr. Lee Crowley, of Mobile, Alabama, who thinks LESLIE'S WEEKLY is the best illustrated paper published, finds that his sales have increased from 55 to 125 per week since he has made a good display of the paper. Mr. Frank E. Buckley, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, says his display resulted in a sale of 150 copies of LESLIE'S WEEKLY per week, and that he finds it a good seller wherever the people can see it. F. D. Lorton, of Orange, New Jersey, says: "I am glad to say that we have had an unusual call for LESLIE'S WEEKLY ever since we have tried to give it a special display." M. Sussman, of the Postal Building, 253 Broadway, New York, has increased his sales twenty-five times over since he has given the paper a special display.

These are but specimens of replies we have received, and indicate that newsdealers will profit largely by making a special display of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, particularly during the war excitement. The circulation of the paper has never before been anything like what it is to-day, and every week shows a constant increase. We hope that every newsdealer who makes a specialty of displaying LESLIE'S WEEKLY will have a photograph of himself and of his news-stand forwarded to us in our competition. Remember that the closing day for mailing photographs is May 15th.

The Plain Truth.

DIXIE and Yankee are to be the names respectively of two of the new auxiliary cruisers. This was a felicitous thought of the Secretary of the Navy, who has been seeking to obtain names that would be characteristically American. Yankee and Dixie have not always fought together in the past, but in the future they will be inseparable on sea as well as on land.

Commenting on the statement made by Jasper, in the financial column of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, that the cost of the recent Civil War at one time reached more than \$2,000,000 per day, the Norwich (Connecticut) *Bulletin* says that war with Spain would cost us more than \$100,000,000 worth of property in a week. This is not an extraordinary statement, when we realize that the estimated cost of using the mortar batteries at the harbor of New York for a single hour is put at \$1,000,000, or at the rate of \$10,000,000 for a good day's work. War is an expensive luxury.

If the United States is ever to have a war we should be fully prepared to strike the enemy, and to strike hard. The nations of the Old World who in our early days laughed at the possibilities of the maintenance of the American republic are now fearing its possible supremacy. War, horrible and undesirable as it is, at least offers an opportunity for a nation to demonstrate its strength, and if we are driven into a struggle with any nation, great or small, we should concentrate every energy into the first blow and strike so hard that the nations of the world will know that we are as fearful in war as we are faithful in peace.

The fear that our soldiers could not successfully undertake a campaign in Cuba after the first of May, during the warm season, is groundless. General Schofield says that Cuba could be invaded in June or July, if necessary, without danger from yellow fever, and he recalls the fact that modern sanitation deprives the disease of its greatest danger. This was demonstrated in every Southern city where modern sanitary appliances have been employed to prevent the development of yellow fever. If our troops were looked after as they should be, in case they entered Cuba, and if the water supplied to them for drinking purposes were boiled, as it should be, we have little fear that yellow fever, cholera, or any other of the dreaded diseases of the tropics would cause serious inroads among them.

Easter has come to be a great day not only for special religious worship, but also a great day for the shopkeeper, although the shopping is not done on Sunday. In other times, the milliner profited chiefly by the display. Then came the florist's turn. Now it is the jeweler and the dealer in bric-à-brac and other handsome wares. It is calculated that the special business done in New York City on account of Easter, including the sales of flowers, presents of silver and gold, of Easter bonnets, etc., footed up to little less than \$1,000,000. The fashionable bakeries enjoyed their profit, also. One of the principal bakeries had a sale on Good Friday of 24,000 hot-cross buns. No doubt other great cities enjoyed a similar and substantial benefit from the recurrence of Easter Sunday.

It must have been comforting to President McKinley to know that at least two of the prominent New-Yorkers who called upon him during the stress of the days immediately preceding the publication of his message, came with words of strong encouragement, and one of them with offers of substantial assistance. Ex Mayor William L. Strong did not hesitate, as one of the merchant princes of New York, to advise the President to stop the war in Cuba in the interests of humanity and of American commerce. Colonel Strong has a way of saying things so that his meaning cannot be misunderstood, and he told the President that the Cuban difficulty should be settled, once and for all, war or no war. The other New-Yorker who held up the President's hands in the grave emergency was President John A. McCall, of the New York Life Insurance Company. While deprecating war, he did not hesitate to tell the President that the country would stand by him in whatever action he took, and he advised the President that the financial institutions of New York, within forty-eight hours, would be prepared to loan the government \$300,000,000, if necessary to carry on a contest with Spain. The magnificent company which Mr. McCall represents has already offered to be responsible for \$10,000,000 of this amount. This is what American patriotism means in its best sense.

The ferocious attack on Colonel John J. McCook, an eminent and reputable Republican of New York City, recently made by General Grosvenor, the administration's spokesman in the House of Representatives, was undeserved and uncalled for. General Grosvenor denounced Colonel McCook as the legal representative of the Cuban Junta, and said he was seeking to get the recognition of Cuba's independence for the purpose of enabling him and his associates to profit by speculation in Cuban bonds. It is no secret that Colonel McCook was earnestly invited to accept a place in the Cabinet of President McKinley, and that for business reasons he declined to accept the proffer, even when it was pressed upon him. Colonel McCook's honorable career, his vigorous Republicanism, his high standing as a leading member of the New York Bar, all justly entitled him to the recognition he received from the President-elect, and his friends have read with shame and indignation of the assault that General Grosvenor, as the representative of the President, recently made upon him. The administration should not hesitate to disavow responsibility for General Grosvenor's utterances, which are calculated to leave a most painful impression. That the assault on Colonel McCook was unwarranted we need not say. No one who is familiar with his career will for a moment question either his integrity or his patriotism. It is indeed singular that, at the very time when the public press was denouncing leading members of the administration for the manner in which secret information, supposed to be known only in the White House and in the Cabinet chamber, was permitted to reach a favorite clique of Wall Street operators, General Grosvenor should make his unseemly and almost indecent assault upon one who had long since received and deserved the confidence of the President.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—To build a war-ship costing millions of dollars with voluntary contributions from the school-children of this great nation.



W. RANKIN GOOD.

That is the plan which originated in the brain of a bright school-boy of Cincinnati; and from the way in which the suggestion has been received, his idea is likely to succeed. Shortly after the news of the *Maine's* destruction came, W. Rankin-Good, a sixteen-year-old school-boy of Cincinnati, attending Hughes High School, conceived the idea. He suggested *The American Boy* as a fitting name for such a vessel. After conferring with various business men of the city and the public-school teachers, young Good went to work with a will. The fact that such a vessel was contemplated was published in the daily papers of the city, and mail began to pour in upon the originator of the idea. From every State in the Union school-boys and girls wrote, eager to send their contributions and to secure others for the patriotic cause. A circular letter, to be sent in response to these, was found necessary after the first week, and thousands of school-children have received this letter and are acting on its helpful suggestions. Young Good has letters from Consul-General Lee, Secretary Alger, Congressmen Grosvenor, Shattuck, and Bromwell, of Ohio, Senator Bland, and Governor Bushnell, all indorsing the movement. A record is to be kept of each school, with the amount contributed, as the magnitude of the undertaking makes it impossible to mention every child. All letters will be preserved and added in some form to the library of the vessel, which the girls of the public schools will present to the vessel. When Good appeared on the floor of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce recently and addressed the members concerning his plan he received an ovation, and could have raised a large sum at once had he been prepared to accept contributions, but a depository had not been secured, and as he is a business-like young American, as well as patriotic, he asked the donors to lay aside whatever sum they desired to contribute, until arrangements might be made to take care of the money. "There are about 13,000,000 scholars in this country," said he, "and I see no reason why we cannot easily raise \$1,000,000, if not more. This will build a monitor, and if we cannot raise enough to replace the *Maine* with a ship as large and powerful as it, we will be content with this." Good did not begin to go to school until his eighth year, owing to sickness, but he is now an especially wide-awake and bright scholar, and has a gift for oratory.

—William Patterson, who has been continuously in the service of the Wagner Palace Car Company since 1866, is undoubtedly the best-known railway porter in the United States. He is popularly called "Billy," though in no connection with that legendary and unanswered query, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" He is the oldest in time of continuous service, as well as the most popular, of all the railway porters. "All my passengers tell me so," Billy himself modestly admits, in answer to inquiries. "Both ladies and gentlemen say that a quiet joy comes over them when they see me standing by their car. How old am I? Fifty, and expect to live to be a hundred. I am a mascot. I am too tough to be injured in a railroad accident.



WILLIAM PATTERSON.

Have been in several bad ones—New Hamburg, in 1871; Fremont, Ohio, in 1872; Castleton, New York, in 1889; and Garrison-on-the-Hudson, last October. Directly and indirectly I have saved some eighteen or twenty lives, and never got a scratch myself. I have been snowbound a week at a time. At Cimarron, Colorado, while with the Arkell party in 1886, I was chased by a mountain-lion. But I was too fleet of foot—lion couldn't catch me." Patterson reckons he has traveled over six millions of miles in thirty-one years' service. He has crossed the continent about 100 times, with special parties or expeditions, as sleeping-car porter, or in charge of a special car. These trips have included: Horace F. Clark's in 1871, Frank Leslie's in 1876, James H. Rutter's in 1878, William J. Arkell's in 1886, Herman Oelrichs's in 1888, and that of Cornelius Vanderbilt and Chauncey M. Depew in 1896.

—Joaquin Miller's "Complete Poetical Works," representing the author's final selection and revision, have been published in

a single volume of some 400 pages, by the Whittaker & Ray Company, of San Francisco and London. The book is embellished with a number of portraits, and has a Walt Whitman-like preface, together with a series of autobiographical notes and comments accompanying the poems, greatly enhancing their interest and value. Miller is unquestionably the most virile and picturesque of living American poets, and here we have the best of him—for he has made time the test of his work, holding that anything in literature worth preserving will preserve itself. "And yet, even now," he says, "after all my cutting and care, I am far from satisfied, and can commend to my lovers only the few last poems in the book. True, the earlier ones have color and clime and perfume of wood or waste, and I am not ungrateful for the friends they brought me, but I fear they fall short of the large eternal lesson which the seer is born to teach—the vision of worlds beyond. I have tried to mend this fault, in my later work; to give my new poems not only body but soul." One lesson of Joaquin Miller's life and work which he himself points out, is that a poet should not write for money. "Why have we so few true poets and fearless prophets to lead the people upward to-day? Because they gather money, and gather money, and gather money with the right hand, and at the same time try to write poetry with the left hand." As has been recounted in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, the poet is at present winter-bound on the Yukon River, in Alaska, but hopes to reach his California home on the "Hights" early next summer.

—He was only a steward, but Isa Sugisaki, who died on the ill-fated *Maine*, will long be remembered by his grateful countrymen. Some years ago out of his hard-earned savings he established a home and clubhouse at 164 Sands Street, Brooklyn, for Japanese who were out of employment. It was named the Sugisaki Club in his honor, and is now in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. At least a dozen Japanese societies have their headquarters at the "Sugisaki." The most prominent organization which meets there is the "Dia Nippon Jin," or the Great Japanese Society. It is primarily a mutual-benefit society, and was founded for the purpose



ISA SUGISAKI.

of helping young men. It meets twice a year. Another society which meets at the "Sugisaki" is the "Shio bu Kai," which means literary and social club. At its meetings Japanese literature, history, and current events are debated and discussed. A fencing gymnasium which was recently established in the backyard is open to the members of the various clubs. It consists of an open pavilion profusely decorated with Japanese lanterns.

—Brooklyn enjoys the distinction of having among her residents perhaps the most widely-noted invalid of the time. Nearly everybody in this country has heard of Mollie Fancher, and is familiar with the story of her peculiar and protracted sufferings. Miss Fancher, who was born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, in 1848, grew to be a young woman of great intelligence and promise. In her seventeenth year she received serious injuries while alighting from a street-car in Brooklyn, and her nervous system became completely deranged. For thirty-two years she has been confined to her bed, much of the time paralyzed and without the use of her senses. She has had many convulsions and trances, and from the latter has emerged at five different times, each time developing traits which made her a comparatively different woman. Her gifts of "second sight" are remarkable, and have attracted widespread attention. For the



MISS MOLLIE FANCHER.

first time through these long years of disability Miss Fancher, on the evening of March 23d, heard a public entertainment. She was given a benefit in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which was largely attended, and at which a performance was rendered by well-known artists. Miss Fancher was not present, but by means of telephone-wires connecting her home with the auditorium of the church she was enabled to hear every word of the entertainment at her bedside, and she greatly enjoyed her unusual experience. At the close of the entertainment occurred the most unique event of the evening, when a graphophone, furnished by the Judge Publishing Company, of New York, through Mr. A. S. Lewis, was placed upon the platform, and through its medium came the sound of Miss Fancher's voice, thanking the audience for its presence and the participants for their contributions to the occasion, and bidding them all a hearty "good-night."

—A young lady well known in the social circles of Pittsburg, the daughter of a prominent merchant of that city, who was

graduated from the amateur stage to a professional career, and who is making her mark as the leading lady of Mr. Louis James's company, at the Star Theatre, in New York, is Miss Alma Kruger. She is a graduate of the Franklin Sargent Dramatic School, of New York, and made her first hit on the amateur stage as *Juliet*, in a local benefit for a Pittsburg hospital. She has been on the stage only two years, and her present position as a leading lady grew out of her striking success in the part of *Nora* in Ibsen's "Doll House." She has made a very favorable impression on critical audiences in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, and other leading American cities, in which she has appeared in some of the strongest Shakespearean and romantic rôles. Miss Kruger is one of the youngest and one of the most promising actresses on the American stage.



MISS ALMA KRUGER.

—Vice-Consul-General Springer was appointed United States consular clerk at Havana by General Grant in 1870, was promoted to vice-consul-general at Havana, Cuba, in 1883, and has held that office to the present time, having been consul-general *pro tem.* for a period of two or three months, twelve different times during the absence of the incumbent. Vice-Consul-General Springer's ready wit, thorough mastery of the Spanish language, knowledge of Spanish and Cuban people and their idiosyncrasies, added to his patriotism and Americanism, have rendered him peculiarly fitted to carry on consular and diplomatic relations



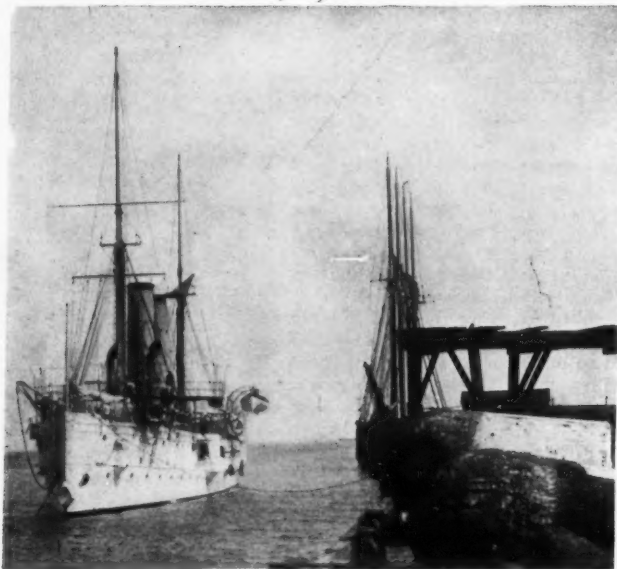
JOSEPH ALDEN SPRINGER.

with the Spanish government. Being well grounded in international law and Spanish jurisprudence, he is considered the oracle of the American consulate in Havana. He has rendered efficient and faithful services to his government, and refused promotion abroad because he would not desert his post at this trying period of Cuban history. Mr. Springer belongs to the corps of consular cadets who are assured of a lifelong position under government as long as their rank is simply vice-consul, but on promotion to consul-general they become subject to removal through political changes, the same as other consuls. A native of Portland, Maine, Joseph Alden Springer inherits some of the best traits of his New England ancestors, for he comes of Colonial and Revolutionary stock.

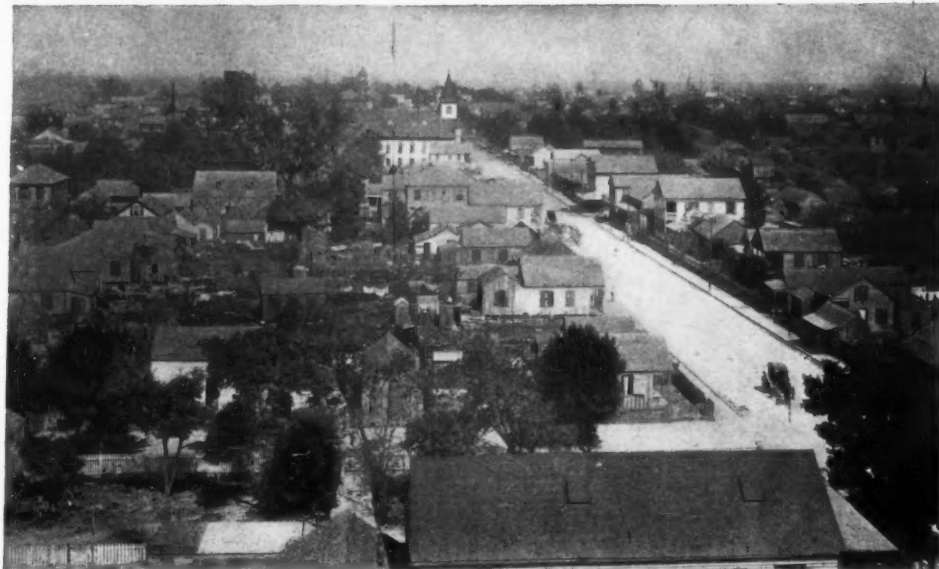
—The Knickerbocker Bowling Club is the largest of the associations formed by leading spirits in New York society to give social animation to the Lenten period. Every Wednesday afternoon, during the forty days, about 150 ladies and gentlemen met to try their skill. A number of charming and costly prizes were provided every week, and one of the most frequent prize-winners was Mrs. Isaac Lawrence; she is also one of the champions of the club. Mrs. Lawrence is remarkably clever at all games; she rides and drives and cycles, and is a thorough-going sports-woman. At her summer home, Bar Harbor, she drives tandem, four-in-hand, or three abreast, to her buckboard, or a spiked team, as she happens to fancy. She says she has never seen a horse she could not manage, and all her horses she has herself broken and trained. Her little daughter promises to be as expert a horsewoman as her mother. The Knickerbocker Bowling Club numbers all the swells and howling swells in its membership. Mrs. Frederic de Peyster is a patroness who frequently contributed very beautiful prizes. Among other members are Mrs. Robert Golet, Mrs. Bryce Gray, Mrs. Prescott H. Butler, Mrs. Clement C. Moore, Mrs. Philip Rhineland, the Misses Bayard Clark, Miss Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Frank Keech, Mrs. Hooker Hamersley, and Mrs. Columbus Iselin. Matthew Astor Wilks was the founder of the club. There are three large rooms, each containing three alleys. Great mounds of flowers fill the air with fragrance. There is a tea-table, too, with light refreshments, a bowl of lemonade, and a silver urn bubbling over the flame of a silver lamp. Very informal is the service, and it is one of the sights of the place to see a daughter of the Four Hundred, in faultless attire, munching a sandwich from one hand and scoring strikes with the other, all with the same avidity of relish and happy nonchalance. A hundred points won entitles one to a long-stemmed American Beauty rose; but if a girl can't win a rose by her playing, some gallant cavalier takes his from his *boutonniere* and gives it to her with all sorts of graceful compliments that more than makes up.



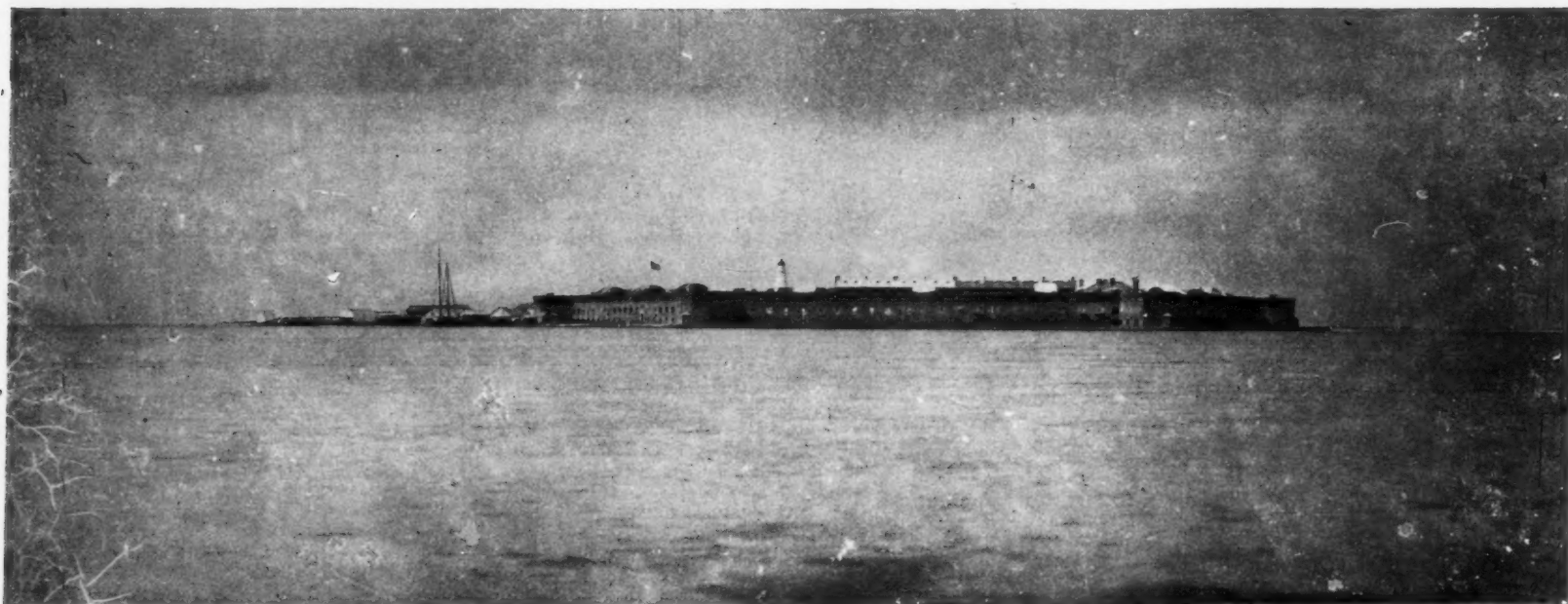
MRS. ISAAC LAWRENCE.



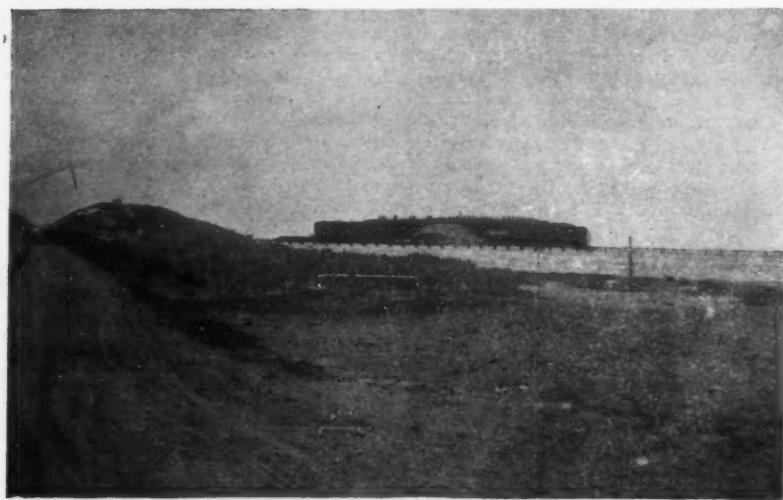
"CINCINNATI" AT GOVERNMENT DOCK, READY TO COAL.



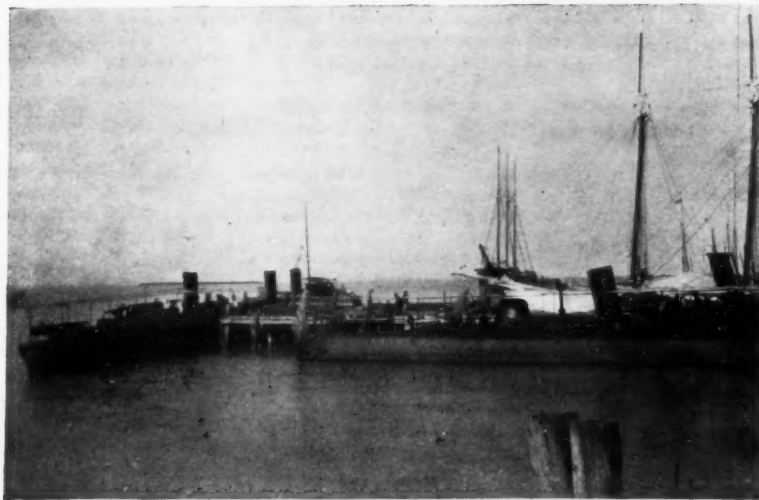
KEY WEST, LOOKING NORTH.



FORT JEFFERSON, AT TORTUGAS, LATELY CONNECTED WITH KEY WEST BY CABLE.



FORT TAYLOR, WITH LARGE SAND BATTERY IN FRONT FOR STORING TORPEDOES.



TORPEDO-BOATS "DUPONT" AND "PORTER" LYING AT WHARF.



NAVAL DEPARTMENT, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT HAS STORED 30,000 PACKAGES OF PROVISIONS FOR WAR RATIONS.

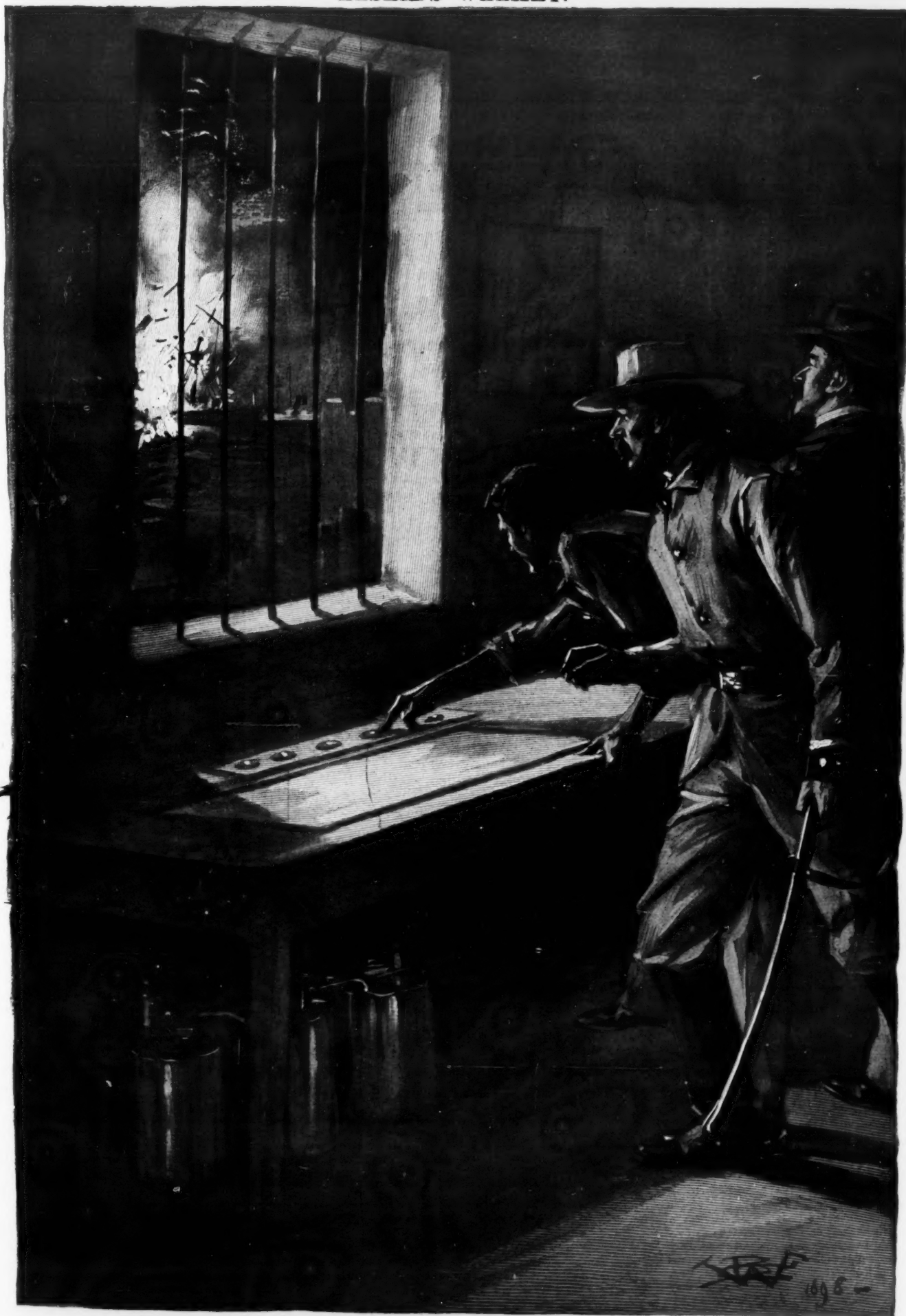


UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL, WHERE "MAINE" WOUNDED WERE TAKEN.

KEY WEST, THE NAVAL HEADQUARTERS.

INTERESTING VIEWS OF THE CITY AND ITS FORTIFIED SURROUNDINGS.

Recent military and naval operations on this continent have made Key West a centre of intense international interest. Its position is such as to make it valuable and interesting in days of peace as well as in war-times; in the former as a coaling- and supply-station for American shipping, in the latter as a point of defense for the Gulf States and a base of naval operations. It is the last of a long chain of low, sandy islands stretching out in a semicircle from the Florida coast. Its great forts command the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. It is only 100 miles, as the bird flies, from Havana. It is a precious and indispensable bit of land to the United States government, and never more so than just now.



"He could see a long, sinewy hand reached forward to a little button."

THE SHIP THAT NEVER CAME HOME.

"NO MAN CAN DO MORE THAN DUTY!"

By CLINTON ROSS.

We have mourned over those sailors who died in the service of the nation; and we have put the *Maine's* men with the *Lawrence's*, with Perry on Lake Erie. What is more, we have regained faith in ourselves as a nation; politics and quibbling and the dollar have been forgotten, and we have stood out loyal and strong. It has been a lesson showing the world that in a period of stress we have not lost ourselves in hysterics, but instead have been calm and self-held. If the men of the *Maine* died, their deaths did national service, and showed that old-fashioned patriotism existed. Now there was a man of the *Maine* of whom there's a story. Some stories are true, although they may be called stories.

I.

JOHN DENE, seaman, United States Navy, was a hero when he was in his native town. It is a little town, with a long street, among the southern New York hills. Dene would return on his infrequent leaves, and people would point him out:

"That's Jack Dene," they would say, awed by the mystery of over-the-seas that lay in his swinging gait—the sailor's broad lounge.

Dene would sit on a sugar-barrel in the grocery where the gossips congregated, and whittled and talked of their neighbors' affairs as they do in small communities, and would spin the most wonderful yarns that ever were heard, of far-away mysterious countries, of ports of pig-tailed Chinamen, of sunny beaches in far South seas, of what Lieutenant M. or Ensign F. were like, of things he had done or seen. Perhaps he was inclined to exaggerate what he had done; that was but his human nature; he had done a deal, or he had done a little. You would think—and there were those, on other boxes about that rural club, who believed him—you would think that the whole management of the good ship had been his. Those others, who had attended the village school with him, were quite awed by him. He brought to them, whose lives and experiences were lined by the New York hills, the breath of the

greater world, of strange adventure and romance. As for the policy of the government, they discussed that, too. They talked of Hawaii in an exhaustive way that would have astonished a Congressman, who might have put his presence into that country grocery if he had felt the need of votes; and as for the Spaniards, and what was going on in Cuba, Dene had but one opinion.

"Those dagos!" he expressed it.

Now the antagonism of Anglo-Saxon and Latin Spaniard is an old matter, dating before the Armada, and intensified by the contest of the two races for ascendancy in the Western Hemisphere. The two great peoples fought, and went to diplomacy, with all its intricate associations. Oh, well, you know that old story. You know how one of the greatest empires since Rome's dwindled until only two West Indian islands were left, and now if an American or English sailor has a particular aversion, it's for your Spaniard. Perhaps they hate us quite as devoutly—the rank and file of the people. The impertinence of

these Americans to encourage, if not officially, at least with their papers—and their filibusters—this Cuba which is ours by right of Christopher Columbus!

Dene, on his sugar-barrel, would talk this over. He was quite confident that we could blow them, if not off the earth, at least off Cuba.

So you must picture our sailor villager returned with quite the air of a man of the world. For all the time of his duties—when he was part of that great machine called the American navy—when he had no mind save to obey orders—he had now, on these brief periods of leave, the rare privilege of posing as your man of the world—as the village conceived a man of the world; of being a bit of a boaster. He was Jack come home again.

Now, up the long street was a little house with twenty acres about it, where lived a good woman with no pride in the world greater than in this same Jack Dene. When he was away, she worried about him. Every night she would kneel by a white bed and pray for him and think of him, and perhaps cry over him, as mothers will. Mothers bring us nearer God; if all the world turns on us they stand out for us; they forgive and fear for us as Jesus of Nazareth forgave and feared for us.

John Dene in the company of this little faded woman was as modest as he would have been if an officer had suddenly passed.

But there was a girl. It's good for a man when there's one particular girl. He was rather boastful in her presence. It's nature's flat that all creatures—including man—should strut a bit before the female that has taken the heart. Sallie had taken John Dene's, surely enough; it dated from the time when he had been boy and she, tomboy, together.

To Sallie, Dene (this is an old, very simple story) posed the hero—until—ah, you know that until!

And then he was as modest as ever you please.

As a reaction from this modesty he would return to the grocery and pose again. As for Sallie, he really had no need of posing before her; he was heroism and perfection itself for her.

Home tugs and pulls at our hearts, wherever we may be. A man who hasn't the home-feeling is at the best a poor creature. Far over the seas Dene would think of two people, Mrs. Dene and Sallie. The coterie at the grocery referred to him, on their part, as a man who had gone again into the mysterious, great world again.

As for this leave, it came to an end. Dene reported, and was assigned to the *Maine*.

His greatness faded; he went through his routine, obeying orders, doing his work, a unit in the American navy.

II.

THERE was a man named Davidson, who was Dene's closest friend on the *Maine*. He had been a person of some considerable property and social position, who had knocked about a deal, and had ended by squandering both the money and social position. Then he had enlisted in the service; the regular life had cleared up his moral obliquities, and he had become a very decent sort of a fellow and a good seaman, certainly.

They were talking one day as the *Maine* lay in Havana harbor, her great guns fronted toward the old, strange, agitated city. Near them lounged a sailor who had advanced the opinion that,

"Shuah, we could blow 'em into the moon."

"A Spaniard's a Spaniard," said Davidson.

"Tricky," said Dene.

"They'll stab you in the back. Now, what if there were a mine right under us?"

"Oh, they don't," said Dene.

"I have heard all Havana harbor is mined. Why shouldn't it be? Now they hate us badly enough—that's certain."

"Shuah!" said a black sailor.

"Well," Davidson, the talkative, went on, "I have heard there are a dozen persons who have keys to this mine—now—"

"If one should take a key and send it off?" Dene began.

"That's it. If one should? Supposin' war was declared. I wish to God it was."

"We'd have to obey orders; that's all I'm thinking about."

Really, he was thinking of something else—of somebody. He had received his mail that day, and there were two letters. One read:

MY DEAR BOY:

I am in some way so worried about you. I am afraid. It's a mother's way. Do be careful, and don't drink too much the way sailors do when they are on shore. Everybody in town speaks splendidly of you. I see Sallie often, too, and she misses you. I never thought her quite good enough for you. You will excuse a mother saying that. But she is your choice, Jack. But it's all this war with Spain they talk about which worries me. Oh, my darling, do be careful. What could I do without you? I suppose you want to hear some of the village gossip. They say Tom Turner is keeping company with Mary Tucker. Old Judge Willing died yesterday. They say Bert will get the farm, and Jenny the store in town, where the judge's office was. But I can't write about these things; I am thinking all the time of you, my darling.

And what Sallie wrote I need not put down here. It was probably a very foolish little letter, but indeed a very meaning one to John Dene.

Dene and Davidson were by themselves now, talking.

"I guess I'd like to get into a fight," Davidson was saying.

"Don't think I'd care about it," said Dene.

"Got a girl?"

The big boy blushed.

"Maybe," he said, after a moment.

"It's better for a man to be married, perhaps," Davidson commented. "Perhaps I shouldn't have been such a blamed fool once upon a time; maybe, too, I'd been a worse one."

"Maybe," said Dene, and he added: "Do you really believe there is anything in that yarn you were spinning about them blowing us up if they wanted to?"

"Why, of course—of course they could if they wanted to."

"But they'd end by getting most awfully licked," Dene remarked.

"You know what a Spaniard is," Davidson said, "and what a Jap is, and what an Irishman, and a Frenchman, and an Englishman is, and you can say that one will do one thing, and another another, under the same reason following a thing."

"Oh, well, we are safe enough," Dene said, rather contemptuously of his companion's talk, when he himself believed in the infallibility of his ship and his officers and the flag over all.

The ship was like some great human thing; after you had been on board a week she became personified. She had her heart, her lungs, all her different organs; she felt and breathed. You were part and parcel of her—a bit of her mechanism, of her being—acting your part, through the will reaching you from your immediate superior.

Dene stood looking at the Spanish ship—rather contemptuously, perhaps, but still remembering what Davidson had said. Why should he think of that? And then a little village among the high New York hills framed itself in his mind—a girl's face and an old woman's.

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, pulling himself together from his day-dream.

III.

BUT though he was a simple, strong, healthy fellow, not given to much imagination, that night he dreamed a strange dream. Perhaps the letters he had gave Davidson's chatter this effect on him.

He thought he saw a little, dark, swarthy person groping in a dim place, and the man's face terrified him; for it had in it intense hate and purpose; and then the vision cleared, and it showed a room quite distinctly where were three men, all talking earnestly, one in uniform; and they pointed out of a window, and Dene, too, seemed to see out of that window, and he saw the white *Maine*.

"It may come any moment," the little man, whose face Dene had first perceived in this vision, seemed to be saying.

"They want Cuba—these Yankees; they keep us from doing what we wish. Now we should take our measures promptly—the chance that offers."

And then the scene blurred and another opened.

It was a strange place he looked at, and gaunt, horrid, starving, brutish creatures were pushing and struggling over pieces of bread that were thrown them from a window. And some had no bread, and turned away moaning, until death came and took them.

"This is Cuba," thought Dene in his dream; "this is Cuba, and these men in the room have made it so—the men I saw. I am here, we are here, to make those people better; and so the man—the men I saw—hate us."

And again he was looking into the room where the three men were, and they were talking with the same earnestness.

"Oh, pride of Spain! these Yankees help your rebels!"

So Dene understood them in this dream. And they pointed outside to the *Maine*.

And again the scene blurred, and cleared a little; this was a dim place, and the man he had seen first was groping, and he could see a long, sinewy hand reached forward to a little button, and—

This last scene—in the heart of his interest in it—too faded, and there was not so much a picture as a general vision.

It seemed as if all the parts of the ship that he knew so well were talking, and again that they were singing a low dirge. It was like a song he remembered at a country funeral, and the parts cried out one to another:

"God help us!"

He was awake suddenly and looking about with fear, he knew not at what; about him were the men in their hammocks, swinging gressomely to and fro.

And then something happened. The whole ship shook and arose, and he was tossed about. The next thing he knew he was on deck. He heard one say to an officer:

"I have to report that the ship has blown up, sir."

The officer gave Dene an order that would take him below.

"Aye, aye, sir."

For a second he saw a quiet village among the southern New York hills.

Dene turned to obey his order.

IV.

THE priest had absolved his communicant, who closed his eyes with a sigh of relief and then of pain. A surgeon was leaning over a near-by cot. A man adjoining wondered where he was, and how he came there. A nurse asked him if he would have

water, and he smiled and shook his head; and the room dimmed, and he was sitting on a sugar-barrel, talking and boasting, and the coterie listened to Jack come home again. Home, and the faded woman by the white bed, and the girl he left behind. It was all very plain, and then it faded, and he saw the room again, and the priest, and—

No, he was going below; he was on his ship; this was nightmare.

And yet—his fancies changed to far-away southern New York. If he were only there! If he could see two faces—and the thought hurt him, for he suddenly knew that he could not see them; yes, that knowledge hurt him more than the pain which throbbed and shook him.

"I am not on the *Maine*."

"No, you are not on the *Maine*."

"Why not?"

The other's voice hesitated.

"Why not?"

"God knows," said the Spanish priest in English, and crossing himself.

Then Dene knew; the talk with Davidson and his dream became clear. He knew it all—and then the clearness faded and he was moaning.

Some hours later an officer, quiet and sad and strong, paused by Dene's cot.

"Another! And—it's Dene. I didn't know him. Dene!"

But Dene did not move.

Outside in the harbor the flag of a mighty people was flying over a very little ship.

On the streets and in the cafés of Havana crowds of dark-skinned men were talking, now loudly, again in whispers.

Construction of Great Disappearing-Guns.



MAJOR J. W. REILLY, COMMANDANT, WATERTOWN ARSENAL.

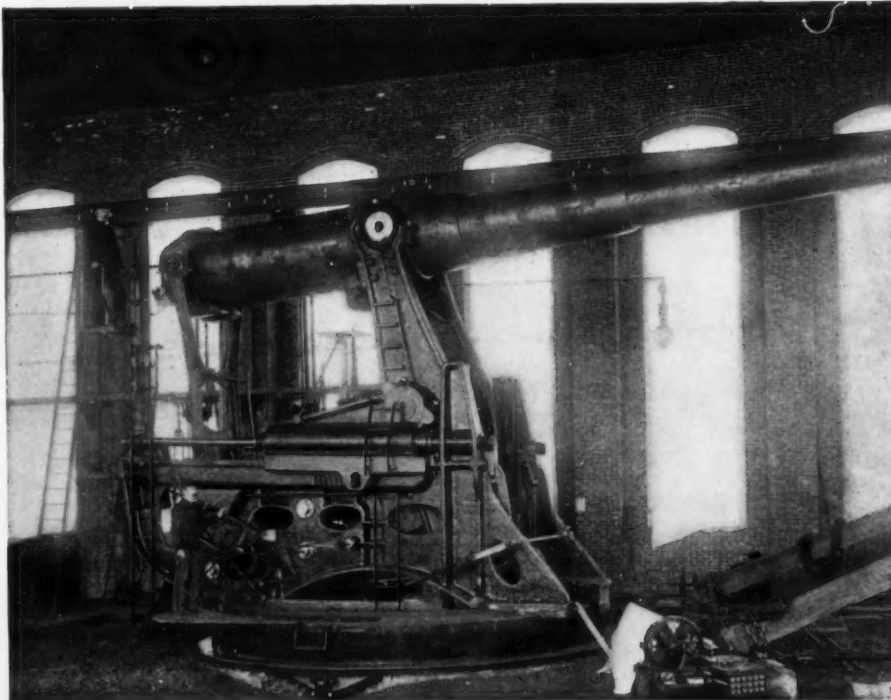
MUCH has been said during these stirring times about the big harbor-defense guns which the government is mounting along the Atlantic seaboard. While the ordnance experts at Washington are planning these death-dealing steel monsters, and the army engineers are getting them into the most advantageous positions along the seacoast, hundreds of brawny American mechanics at the different gun-factories of the country have been working with

might and main to complete at the earliest possible moment these defenders of the great cities of the republic.

The making of big modern guns for coast defense is the work of months, and they are immensely expensive. They are constructed, as a rule, in two ways. One is termed the wire-wound process; the other is known as the built-up process. The latter is the one usually employed in the manufacture of guns for coast defense. Different manufacturers, of course, have different ideas and employ different methods, but in the main the building of these great war-engines is the same all over the country.

The process of setting up one of these large guns is complicated, and the work, of necessity, must be very accurate. The inner steel cylinder which is to form the core of the gun is first made. This is manufactured from a single strip of the very best steel obtainable. Next the centre is bored a little smaller than the calibre of the gun is to be. After the gun is bored out and ground down to the right size, the boring is measured by an instrument that is capable of detecting an error as fine as 1-10,000 of an inch. The next thing is the fitting of the jackets to the gun. The first jacket usually comes about one-third of the distance from the breech to the muzzle of the gun. It is a

little smaller than the core of the gun. The inner core or the tube of the gun is then heated over a furnace to expand the jacket sufficiently to allow the tube of the gun to drop into it. Water is then turned on the heated mass of metal, both outside of the jacket and on the boring of the core of the gun, until it is cooled. Once cooled, the jacket holds to the core of the gun with a grip which no power on earth could pull apart, making the gun several times stronger at the breech than if it had been made of one single piece of steel. The jacket is then cut down and another is fitted in like manner. After the jackets have all been fitted the gun is ready for rifling—a difficult operation, and one which only a few skilled mechanics in the country are capable



DISAPPEARING-GUN.

of doing. Finally, the breech mechanism is built into the gun, and then it is ready to mount on its disappearing carriage. These disappearing carriages enable the gun to be elevated from the fort to discharge its contents, descend into its pit out of sight of the enemy, then to be re-loaded for repeating the charge, thus reducing the chances of dismounting and of injury to the gunners. The most powerful of these guns is now stationed at Sandy Hook, where it guards the harbor of New York.

The War Scare.

THE FEARFUL DAYS OF 1862 COMPARED WITH THE HOPEFUL DAYS OF 1898.

Less than fifteen years ago we adopted the policy of building a modern navy. The plan was well worked out and comprehensive. The new navy was to consist of the usual classes of naval vessels—battle-ships, armored and ordinary cruisers, gun-boats, dispatch-boats, torpedo gun-boats, torpedo-boats, etc., together with a few ships of the monitor class and a dynamite cruiser, both distinctive American inventions. As the work has progressed and the ships have left the yards, we find that care has been taken to preserve such proportionate numbers of each class as that the whole shall constitute at all times a well-balanced navy.

Coincidentally, the devising and manufacture of the armament has gone on so that, as soon as launched, the guns have been ready to put aboard the vessel, whatever her type. Not only is this true, but the guns are in excess of the ships. Those needed for the auxiliary navy—the *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, and other liners that would be taken by the government for use as commerce-destroyers—are ready with their carriages, and await only the orders of the Navy Department. The torpedoes, with their high-explosive charges, whether dynamite, gun-cotton, or nitroglycerine, are in like manner ready. In short, we have to-day a navy that has been the surprise of the world, considering the speed with which it has been created and its high degree of excellence. A personnel second to that of no nation in the world we have always had.

In like manner the land defenses have received attention—not to the same extent, it is true—and our principal harbors are now in a condition vastly superior to what they were when this policy was inaugurated. The principal ones will not prove the easy prey so confidently predicted by our international "calamity howlers," though doubtless much damage to our coast would be done in a war with a first-class naval power.

The wisdom of the new policy is now distinctly seen. In the face of war with a nation of no mean sea power we find our government awaiting the turn of events with dignity and equanimity. We see the Congress and the people quietly strengthening the hands of the President, satisfied that the flag is in no danger, and confident that the demands of justice can be enforced when the time arrives to act.

It is interesting to recall the state of the public mind thirty-six years ago, when the *Merrimac* sounded the death-knell to the wooden war-ship. Never before had so clumsy an instrument worked such a mighty revolution. Never was a mighty nation so terrified by a puny blow.

What was this *Merrimac*? Briefly her history was this: She was originally a forty-gun frigate of the United States Navy, and was lying off the Norfolk yard when the commanding officer, soon after hostilities began, decided that the yard was untenable and ordered its destruction. With other vessels lying there the *Merrimac* was burned and sank. The Confederates promptly raised her, and, finding the hull and machinery in good order, proceeded to construct on the hull a roof consisting of twenty-four inches of pine and oak, and protected the outside with four inches of iron made by rolling rails into plates. Equipped with guns found at the yard, and re-christened the *Virginia*, she steamed out into Hampton Roads about as "one bell" was sounded on the afternoon of the 8th of March, 1862. By one of the officers of the gun-boat sent from the fleet lying quietly in the Roads that beautiful March day, to reconnoiter the strange object emerging from behind the woods toward Norfolk, she was described as "the roof of a barn with a huge chimney."

On board the *Congress*, near Newport News, the quartermaster was scanning the harbor with his glass. Quiet and order prevailed. The ship was in splendid shape for action, and the officers and men ready to spring to their guns at a moment's notice. Little did that crew dream that three hours would scarcely elapse before their flag would be hauled down, their ship aground and burning, her decks strewn with the bleeding, wounded, and the mangled bodies of the dead; the survivors, driven into the sea by the flames and the shots of the enemy, struggling to reach the shore. A cloud of smoke caught the eye of the quartermaster. He had heard vague tales of a novel craft building at the Norfolk yard, and his glass had for days involuntarily turned to that direction. Curiosity rather than dread controlled his action. Walking the decks of as fine a ship as floated, what should he fear?

Turning to the officer of the deck, he reported: "I believe that thing is coming down at last, sir." The *Merrimac* was to the fleet lying at her mercy, "that thing." She counted ten guns—a seven-inch rifle at bow and stern on pivots, one six-inch rifle, and three nine-inch smooth-bore Dahlgren guns on each broadside. Speaking of her, the author of "Ironclads in Action" says: "The *Merrimac* was no sea-going ship. With her port-holes less than six feet above the water-line, she could not have been fought in a sea-way. Her damaged engines, which in calm water could only just move the ship, could never have withstood the strain of a storm; and her untrained crew must have handicapped her terribly in an encounter in the open sea." A Confederate report in Church's "Ericsson" says of her: "She was not weatherly enough to move in Hampton Roads at all times with safety." Yet the havoc wrought by this "thing of shreds and patches" in three short hours, in which she rammed and sank the *Cumberland* after converting the decks of that unlucky ship into a charnel-house and destroying her batteries, shelled the grounded *Congress* into surrendering, and afterwards, through an unfortunate and mutual misunderstanding, fairly blew her to pieces with her fire, and only spared the other ships of the Federal fleet by reason of the lateness of the hour and the lowness of the tide—the havoc was unprece-

dented and awful. It fairly paralyzed the entire North with fear, while the War and Navy Departments disclosed the staggering effect of the catastrophe by acts and plans that are to-day interesting if not incomprehensible.

At a Cabinet meeting held the Sunday after the fight Mr. Stanton expressed the dismay of the War Department in these words: "The *Merrimac* will change the whole course of the war; she will destroy *seriatim* every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside; Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the Governors and municipal authorities in the North to take instant measures to protect their harbors. I have no doubt that the enemy is at this minute on her way to Washington, and it is not unlikely that we shall have a shell or cannon-ball in the White House before we leave this room."

From the "Records of the Rebellion" we learn the following: On March 9th the Secretary of War sent the following dispatch to the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, and Maine: "The opinion of the naval commanders here is that the *Merrimac* will not venture to sea, but they advise that immediate preparations be made to guard against the dangers to our ports by large timber-rafts protected by batteries. They regard timber-rafts, guarded by batteries, as the best protection for temporary purposes. General Totten says do not neglect the batteries."

The same day General McClellan telegraphed to the commanding officers of the forts from Fort Delaware to Portland, Maine: "The rebel ironclad *Merrimac* has destroyed two of our frigates near Fort Monroe, and finally retired to Craney Island. She may succeed in passing the batteries and go to sea. It is necessary that you at once place your post in the best possible condition for defense, and do your best to stop her should she endeavor to run by. Anything that can be effected in the way of temporary batteries should be done at once." The same date the Assistant Secretary of War sent the following:

WAR DEPARTMENT, March 9th, 1862.

Henry B. Renwick, Esq., 21 Fifth Avenue, corner Ninth Street, New York:

The *Merrimac*, an ironclad vessel belonging to the rebels, issued from Norfolk yesterday and captured several of the United States blockading vessels, and threatens to sweep our whole flotilla from Chesapeake Bay. Under these circumstances it is of the last importance to capture or destroy the *Merrimac*, and the whole wealth and power of the United States will be at command for that purpose. As this movement was anticipated and the subject of discussion between you and myself last December, you have no doubt thought of various modes by which it could be met and overcom most promptly. The Secretary of War desires you quietly to call a meeting of from three to nine persons, at your discretion, of the best judgment in naval engineering and warfare, to meet immediately at your father's house or some other convenient place, and to sit as a committee to devise the best plan of accomplishing the capture or destruction of the *Merrimac*. I would suggest the name of Abram S. Hewitt as a member of the committee. You will bear in mind that every hour's delay to destroy the *Merrimac* may result in incalculable damage to the United States, and that the plan or plans for her destruction should be submitted at the earliest hour practicable for the approval of this department, to the end that their execution may not be unnecessarily delayed a moment. To enable you to communicate hourly with this department the telegraphic company is directed to transmit all messages from you at the expense of the government. Acknowledge this dispatch the moment you receive it. Spare no pains or expense to get the committee together immediately. Act with the utmost energy. You and each member of the committee will consider this whole matter confidential.

The following was also sent:

WAR DEPARTMENT, March 15th, 1862.

C. Vanderbilt, Esq., New York:

The Secretary of War directs me to ask you for what sum you will contract to destroy the *Merrimac*, or prevent her from coming out from Norfolk—you to sink or destroy her if she gets out.

(Signed)

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

The government was groping in the dark, surely, when it must make such appeals to private citizens. Our navy was one of the best in the world. It consisted at that time of seventy-six vessels, carrying 1,783 guns of different calibres. While most were sailing-vessels, a large percentage were steamers. But all were of wood, as were the ships of all navies at that date, though a few ironclads were under construction in England and France. Armored floating-batteries had, indeed, been successfully used in the Crimean War by the French, and immediately copied by the English; while our own Stevens had devised and commenced a like battery before 1850. But all use of iron for war-ships was strictly experimental at that date. So much for our navy placed *hors du combat* by a single stroke. How was it on land?

It has been a familiar figure of speech in opposition to the "policy of preparation," so happily begun and well advanced at this time, to assert that the country is in no danger; that the moral force of our many millions constitutes a strong defense, etc.; or, as it was expressed in a great daily of the West some years ago: "Uncle Sam can wave the old flag from the top of the national Capitol, or from some peak on the Rocky Mountains, and sound a bugle-call, and ships would fall in line and 1,500,000 men would answer, 'Ready!'"

On land we had 600,000 men in active service in March, 1862. This number had answered, "Ready!" The flag had been waved, the bugle sounded. Yet the War Department was badly and quite properly scared. It grasped at every passing straw. As a strong defense, the value of the "moral force" of fifty millions of people engaged in the pursuits of peace was shown to equal, mathematically, the

square root of a negative quantity. It was imaginary. The force that came to our rescue in that dark moment and saved a possible raising of the blockade and prolongation, by months, of the war was not a moral one, but a very material one that resembled "a cheese-box on a raft." The fertile brain and trained hand of John Ericsson made it unnecessary to contract with Commodore Vanderbilt to save our harbors and cities.

"The *Monitor* is mine, and no change shall be made," declared Ericsson when the Navy Department proposed a different rudder for her after her trial trip, in which she steered badly. It was indeed so. He planned her throughout—hull, engines, guns, turret, everything. Porter, later admiral of the navy, was one of the few who believed in the *Monitor*. "This is the strongest fighting vessel in the world," he wrote, "and can whip anything afloat"; and it is a splendid testimonial to the genius and insight of the great Swede that, of the ships of our new navy, the modern monitor of the *Puritan* class is, by some of our best authorities, believed to be still "the strongest fighting vessel in the world." Costing less than half as much as the battle ship *Indiana*, the *Puritan*, of which Ericsson might with almost equal propriety say, "She is mine," is believed to be the stronger.

A war with Spain would be a naval struggle mainly. "The reflecting naval world understands in what singular uncertainty all naval problems are at present involved in the apprehensions of men," says Captain Mahan. Doubtless a war with Spain would help to solve some of these problems, and thus benefit the world commercial, as well as naval. It would give our officers, grown old in preparing their briefs, an opportunity to argue a case in court and reap the applause and preferment that success would award; but a cause so righteous as to command the approval of the world is the *sine qua non* to justify us in a resort to hostilities.

With a costly ship and hundreds of our sailors mysteriously destroyed in a neighboring harbor, and a war-ship of the suspected nation—compared with which the *Merrimac* would be as a nine-inch Dahlgren on a raft to a modern twelve-inch rifle on a modern steam vessel—lying in front of our chief city, the calmness and self-control of our people and the orderly disposition of our government lately witnessed, are in striking contrast to the alarm and dismay caused by the *Merrimac* in 1862. The explanation is self-evident—the policy of preparation on land and sea.

SOLON F. MASSEY, United States Army

Sweet April.

A THOUGHT to-day of a yesterday
Is wafted to me from the scent
Of this pale blue flower, whose life with mine
On an April day was blent.

A fragile wild flower of the wood,
But a memory to me
Of a fadeless youth, and an endless hope
Of a love that should one day be.

How quiet, yet oh, how musical
Were the branches overhead!
And a sky all peace on my happy way
Its benediction shed.

But see, my tender blossom fades,
And its closing petals say,
"So with your hope, so with your love,
So with your April day."

ELSIE JANET FRENCH.

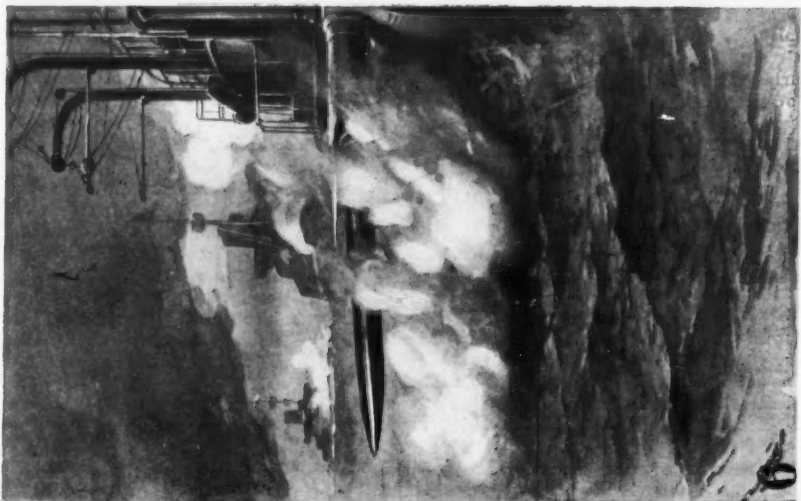
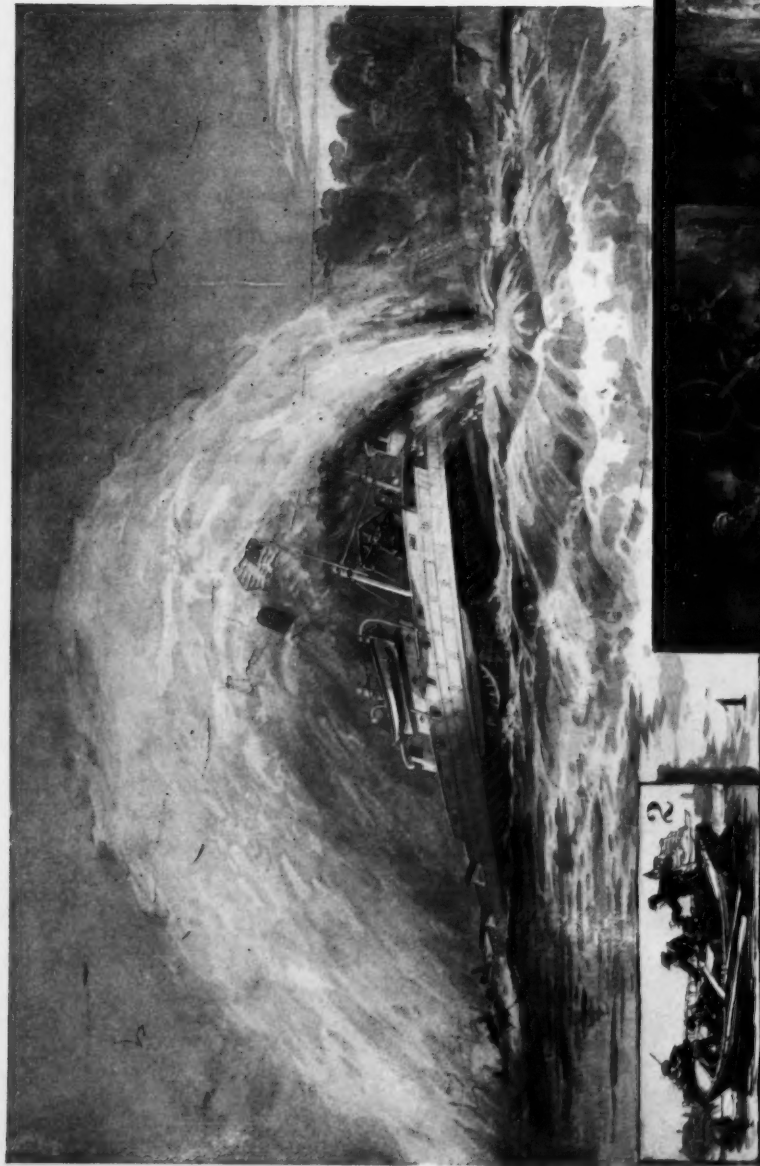
The Great Flood at Shawneetown.

THE worst flood disaster of the present year was that which visited the village of Shawneetown, on the lower Ohio, on the afternoon of April 3d. Shawneetown is the county-seat of Gallatin County, Illinois, and is situated on the river, sixty-two miles below Evansville. At this point the valley is extremely low, with hills skirting it in the rear, and with a twenty-five foot levee in front, running from hill to hill. It was the sudden breaking of this levee, caused by a flood in the Ohio, that overwhelmed the town.

The actual loss of life was something less than 1,000. There was practically no warning given, and the rush of water was so great and so swift that many people were caught and submerged in their homes before they had suspicion of danger. The wonder is that so many escaped with their lives. Fully 200 houses were swept away, besides a large number of business places, and more than 500 people were left shelterless. Prompt and generous measures of relief were at once adopted by neighboring cities, and the sufferings of the stricken people were mitigated as far as possible.



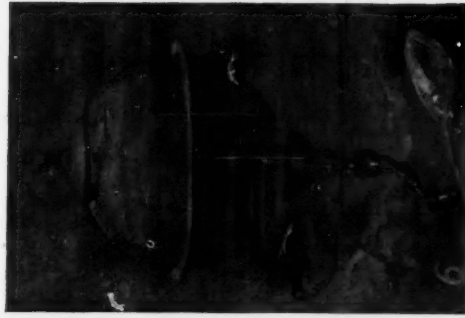
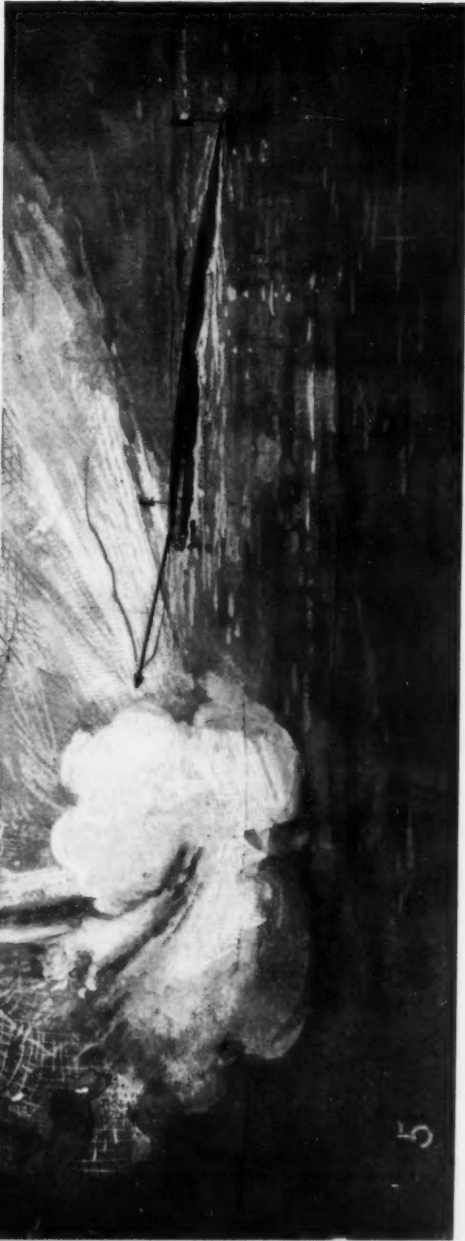
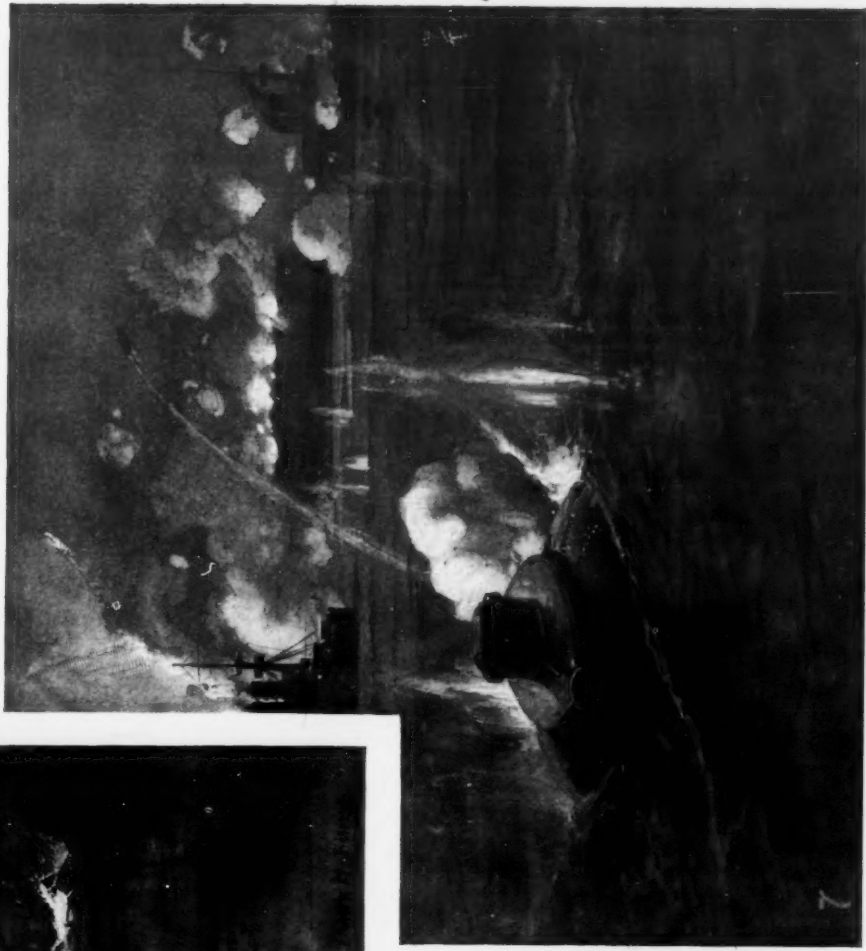
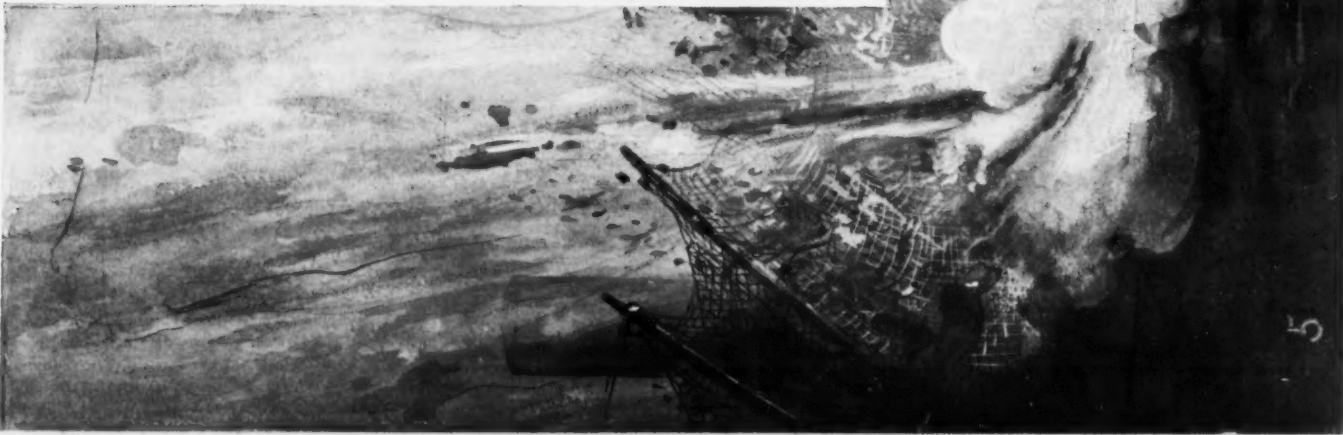
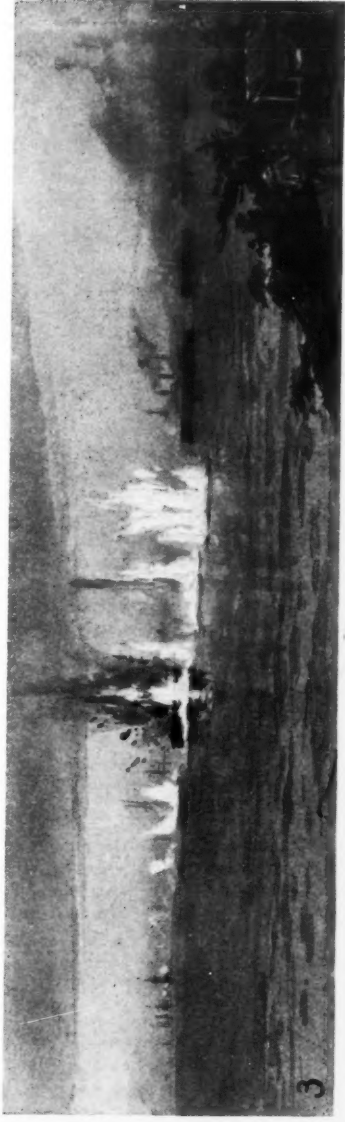
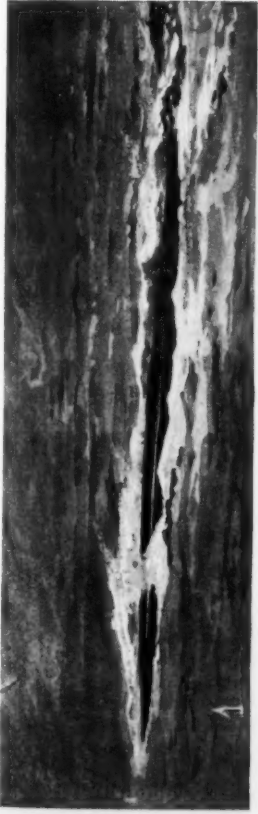
SCENE LOOKING FROM RIVERSIDE HOTEL ALONG LEVEE.



1. Blowing up of the Federal gun-boat *Commodore Barney* by an electric torpedo, on the James River, Virginia, August 8th, 1863. 2. Taking up of torpedoes in the Bayou Teche, Louisiana, February, 1863. 3. The Federal sloop-of-war *Housatonic*, destroyed by a "David" off Charleston Harbor, February 17th, 1864. 4. Destruction of the monitor *Osage* on Blakely bar, near Mobile, Alabama, by a submerged torpedo, March 29th, 1865. 5. The heroic exploit of Lieutenant W. B. Cushing in destroying the Confederate iron-clad *Albemarle*, at Plymouth, North Carolina, October 27th, 1864. 6. Projection of a modern torpedo from a Spanish torpedo-boat.

SUBMARINE WARFARE.

MEMORABLE NAVAL EXPLOITS OF THE DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR.—[SEE PAGE 296.]



1. A Whitehead torpedo speeding at twenty miles an hour towards the object to be destroyed. 2. A submarine boat emerging, after blowing up a battle-ship. 3. Exploding an enemy's armor-clad by channel mines operated from the shore. 4. A submarine boat under an enemy's bottom preparing to explode a torpedo. 5. Halpine's dirigible and auto-mobile torpedo destroying a net-protected iron-clad. 6. A submarine mine anchored in ship-channel. 7. A submarine boat firing an aerial torpedo at a fort.

SUBMARINE WARFARE.

MODERN ENGINES OF NAVAL DESTRUCTION, AND HOW THEY DO THEIR WORK.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

Rag-tag Soldiers in Havana.

SPAIN'S PROTECTORS AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN IN CUBA'S CAPITAL—DAYS SPENT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN HAVANA WITH THE SPANISH TROOPS.
(From our Special Correspondent.)

HAVANA, April 20th, 1898.—The Spanish soldier in Cuba despises the Cuban, hates the American, and loves his country. He despises the Cuban because he is ordered thus to despise. He hates the American because his comrade hateth thus. He loves Spain because love of *la patria* is born in the bone.

Compared to our own soldiers, either of the regular army or of the national guard, the gun-carrier of Spain now in Havana is a lugubrious and ludicrous object. His uniform, consisting of an ill-fitting blouse and trousers of blue striped cotton drill, is best described as a suit of pajamas. Add to the blouse and trousers a coarse, wide-brimmed straw hat and flimsy canvas shoes with hempen soles, and you have the full dress of a Spanish soldier. Put a rusty, rickety Mauser in his hands, and you have the same soldier on duty. He is hollow-chested, undersized, sunken-cheeked, unshaven, bleary-eyed, and generally slouchy and unkempt.

In Havana he is omnipresent—10,000 strong. He lolls in the cafés, drinking sugar and water. He hangs about doorways and iron-bound windows, talking to señoritas. He loafs on the street-corners, glaring at passing Americans. He swaggers along Obispo Street, the Broadway of Havana, and he struts up and down the plaza as though monarch of all he surveys. When an officer passes he becomes as humble as Uriah Heep. When an American passes he straightens up and transforms his bearing into that of a latter-day Caesar.

This pitiable man-at-arms has two virtues—blind obedience to order and open-eyed acceptance of abuse. His creed is, Obey. His reward is neglect. The private soldier looks upon the officers of his regiment as upon so many gods. The officer considers the men in the ranks as so many dogs. Thus they get on amicably and decently. Against the continued neglect and abuse which is the lot of the Spanish soldier the rank and file of any other civilized nation would rise in open mutiny. Why is he fighting the Cubans? He does not know. Why is he risking his life in a plague-stricken climate? He does not know. Why does he march and march and broil and suffer and starve and die in the torrid sun of an apparently God-forsaken island, far, far from his home? He does not know. He knows only—*por la patria*.



HAVANA JOURNALISTS AND EDITORS.

Where does he come from? The provinces of Spain. What was he before *la patria* sent him across the sea in a filthy, man-destroying transport? A peasant, healthy and happy in the vineyards of his native heath. Why did he leave his vineyards, his home, his parents, his comforts, his peace? Because the agent of the King of Spain came and tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Follow me!" The peasant followed. He is taken to the nearest seaport, marched aboard a vessel, herded in a pen with 2,000 fellow-unfortunates. The vessel leaves the shores of Spain. He looks through a port-hole, and has, probably, his last glimpse of the land that gave him first birth and then an order to premature death.

The vessel rocks and rolls and pitches and the peasant is sick. He wallows in filth and stench. At last, after twelve or fourteen, and sometimes twenty days, the ship enters the harbor of Havana. The peasant steps ashore. Now, he thinks, life for him may brighten. Not so. In two hours the peasant becomes a soldier. He lauded in rags and tatters, barefooted, bare-headed, more filthy than swine. Does he see Havana? Yes, for a few days. From the troop-ship he is at once sent to Morro Castle or to Castillo del Principe. At these places he is furnished with a battered Mauser rifle and roughly instructed in its manipulation. A very few lessons in the very simplest rudiments of a soldier's duty qualify him for active service, and he goes to the field without ever having fired his rifle. With just enough knowledge of drill to enable him to comprehend the orders to advance, halt, or turn to the right or left.

Now comes his active service—a service *por la patria* that means starving and dying in the pestilential wildernesses of Cuba. For this the poor, ignorant peasant lad—few of them are more than mere boys—is torn from his home under Spain's beautiful sky and wrenched from his sweetheart of the great lustrous eye. One thing he has—company; for thousands are made to share his lot and his fate. Having been ordered to the front, the slouchy, dull-eyed, peasant-soldier, without having time to become acclimatized, begins his experience in the field. Probably it will be his fate to be attached to a battalion engaged in active operations, in which case he will march wearily day

after day in all weathers, broiled during the day and chilled during the night, rarely seeing the enemy, unsheltered, overworked, and underfed—until the inevitable breakdown occurs and he can march no longer. Then, if he still retains a remnant of strength, he may be detailed to the garrison of one of the thousands of block-houses that are strung along the trocha to form the defense of country towns.

I know of no more pitiable sight than is presented by the living skeletons who garrison these little forts, when they are called upon to turn out and line up at the roadside at salute, when some general and his staff ride by. I have seen these men so weak that they could hardly bring their pieces to salute. The condition of the cavalry is considerably better than that of the infantry. As a scouting force it is capable of doing fairly good work. The horses are small and wiry, and require but little attention. The men as a rule ride well, but their clothing and equipments are in the last stages of dilapidation.

The Spanish officer is invariably in need of a shave. His blouse and trousers hang upon him like so much thin bed-ticking upon a wooden dummy. The officer, like his men, slouches about with his blouse hanging open and his trousers frayed at the bottoms. The official, like the private, is everywhere. Only while the private lolls in the cafés in the side streets, the officer loafs in the hotels along the Prado. At Americans, the rank and file leer; the officer sneers. If any one wishes to learn the depth of anti-American feeling at present existing in Havana, let him go among the soldiery—drinking sugared water with the private and watered wine with the officer. The common soldier's name for a Yankee is "pig." The officer expresses his idea of us in the word "canaille."

The soldiery in Havana is divided into four sections: the regulars, who garrison the fortifications; the volunteers, who assume to compare with our national guard; the Guardia Civil, who form the suburban patrol; and the Orden Publico, the city police. The quality of these four bodies may be styled as bad, wretched, more wretched, and most wretched. The order of applying these descriptive qualities, however, should be: police, bad; patrol, wretched; volunteers, more wretched; regulars, most wretched. In other words, the best of the bad is the Orden Publico. This body of excellent badness consists of picked men from the best home regiments in the Spanish army. While their duties as policemen are nominally of a civil character, they are to all intents and purposes a strictly military body, carefully drilled and capable of manœuvring with the crack troops of the service. They wear a uniform somewhat similar to the

Guardia Civil, but with a jaunty French *kepi* instead of the felt hat. On ordinary duty they are equipped with a heavy revolver, worn in front, on the right side, and a short, straight two-edged sword. In times of public disturbance they carry the regulation Remington rifle instead of the revolver.

The mounted section of the Orden Publico is a splendid body of cavalry. The men of the corps are, as a rule, lean, lithe little fellows, well set up, of most dignified bearing, and of unfailing courtesy in their relations to the public. Their companion body, the Guardia Civil, is rarely seen in Havana, forming, as it does, the rural police of the island, with guard-houses in all the villages and towns. They wear a showy and theatrical uniform of blue tunic and trousers, faced and striped with scarlet; a wide-brimmed hat of gray felt, with the brim caught up at one side and fastened to the crown with

a circular badge of the Spanish crimson and gold.

The Guardia Civil Cavalry, a numerous mounted body, is equipped like the infantry, except that they carry a sabre and a carbine instead of the short sword and the Remington rifle. During the late riots in Havana excellent work was done by the squadrons of the Guardia Civil Cavalry. The third section, which, in point of quality, I have named the most wretched, is the volunteers, the famous military organization which is called the Pretorian Guard of Havana. This guard, in its day, has ruled the city and cast down or set up captains-general. The volunteers number 20,000 men, the privates, for the most part, being clerks, porters, waiters, and salesmen. The officers are usually merchants, lawyers, proprietors of shops or establishments. The volunteers perform no military service beyond furnishing every morning a detail of about 200 men to do guard duty at the palace, the bank, the city prison, the Castillo de la Punta, and other points. They have no armories, such as our citizen soldiers have; and but few opportunities for drill, hence their appearance on parade inspires anything but admiration.

The fourth and last section of the soldiery in Havana is composed of the regulars—those pale-faced peasant-soldiers whom I have described, and the excellence of their badness termed "most wretched."

Every ten days or so crowds of handcuffed men are driven through the streets of Havana, which they will never tread again, on their way to the transport ship which will convey them to the penal settlements on the African coast. Many of these men represent the *élite* of Cuban society. Seldom is a direct charge brought against them. Police spies denounce them as Cuban sympathizers. They are given no trial so they can prove the charges false. On administrative order they are sentenced to exile for life, and frequently the source of their misfortune can be traced to private revenge or personal feeling. Since the beginning of the war at least 10,000 prominent citizens have been torn from their native island, families and friends, and sent to life exile in the filthy, overcrowded, deadly swamps of Fernando Po. With a little money and good health it is possible to survive in Centa, but none ever returns from

Fernando Po. On the 23d of March a large party of citizens of the Matanzas district passed through Havana on their way to the transport. It was a sad procession. Hopeless, jaded, despairing men, with arms tied behind them and feet shackled, forced to leave Cuba and face a slow, horrible death. On the train from Matanzas two of these unfortunates were literally shot to pieces. The guards reported they tried to escape and were shot in the attempt. Their fellow-prisoners told a different story. "The two men were deliberately taken out on the platform between the cars and fired upon. And the soldiers would give no reason." The action could likely be traced to personal revenge.

GILSON WILLETS.

Submarine Warfare,

AS ILLUSTRATED IN OUR CIVIL WAR, AND ITS MODERN DEVELOPMENT.

GENERAL SHERMAN's dictum that "war is hell, and everything is turned loose" has its best illustration in torpedo warfare, against the practice of which chivalric natures always rise in protest. Admiral Farragut, our dauntless hero of the old type, believed in "wooden ships and iron hearts," but when he ran up against the unseen enemy lurking beneath the waters of Mobile Bay the practical side of his nature asserted itself, and he wrote from before Mobile: "Torpedoes are not so agreeable when used on both sides; therefore I have reluctantly brought myself to it. I have always deemed it unworthy of a chivalrous nation, but it does not do to give your enemy such a decided superiority over you."

This has become the accepted verdict of the nations, and the terribly destructive agency has come to stay while war exists. David Bushnell, of Connecticut, is credited with the invention of the torpedo, and after divers experiments he attempted, in 1776, to blow up the British sixty-four-gun ship *Eagle* in New York harbor, and failed. In 1777 his attempt upon the British fleet anchored in the Delaware, by setting adrift torpedoes to float down with the ebb tide at night, might have been a success but that the ships, to escape the ice then forming, had been hauled into the docks. The British, much alarmed, fired from the wharves with artillery and musketry at the buoys surmounting the floating kegs, and the incident was the occasion of a comic ode, "The Battle of the Kegs," by Francis Hopkinson, Esq., the father of the author of "Hail Columbia."

Robert Fulton afterwards spent several years attempting to perfect the torpedo and have it legitimized in naval warfare. He experimented on the coast of France in 1801, and on the English coast in 1804, without much success. In 1810 he was authorized by Congress to experiment on the sloop-of-war *Argus* off the New York Navy Yard. The ship was so ingeniously defended with booms, nets, etc., by Commodore Rodgers, that Fulton met with signal failure, and he abandoned his experiments.

Several ineffectual attempts were made during the War of 1812 to destroy English ships, and a line of torpedoes was stretched across the narrows to protect New York, if menaced by the enemy's fleet. In 1829 Samuel Colt, the inventor of the revolver, took up the torpedo idea where Fulton had left it, and on the "Glorious Fourth," in 1842, he created tremendous patriotic excitement by blowing up the old gun-boat *Bower* off Castle Garden; and in 1843, on the 13th of April, he produced his masterpiece in experimental explosion by blowing to pieces a brig under way, sailing five miles an hour, on the Potomac River, Congress having adjourned to witness the show. Then, having exhausted the Congressional appropriation, Colonel Colt also subsided from torpedo developing.

We next learn of the practical application of torpedoes by the Russians during the Crimean War, and such was the respect inspired by them that Cronstadt, the port of St. Petersburg, was spared a serious attack by Admiral Napier, commanding the British fleet in the Baltic. Some use of them was made by the Turks against the Russians in the Danube, and by the French in Chinese waters, but our War of the Rebellion gave opportunity to the torpedo to explode into recognition, so to speak, with such terrific, unexpected, and disastrous effect, that all doubt and cavil were blown to the winds, as the novel and devastating force asserted itself in manifold shapes and devices.

The vast area of coast and of territory traversed by navigable streams exposed to attack in the South by the naval forces of the Union made the justifiable necessity for the Confederates of offsetting their great disadvantage in that respect by the exercise of all the ingenuity in the Confederacy in devising plans of defense by submarine explosives, and much was the ingenuity developed and great and terrible the success. So that from the time of the first crude and unsuccessful attempts, manifested about the Savannah River early in 1862, until the close of naval operations in Mobile harbor in 1865, we have the record of casualties from torpedo practice of seven monitors and eleven other vessels of war totally destroyed during engagement against Confederate ports, while a great number were damaged—some permanently, others temporarily.

The torpedoes were of great variety—the frame torpedo, obstructing a shallow channel; floating and electric varieties, and the "David"—all successful and equally destructive. The "David," the progenitor of the Holland boat, furnished an opportunity for the display of dare-devil heroism in bright contrast to the lurking, coward-like diabolism of the electric operator sitting securely by his battery on shore and "touching the button," while "hell did the rest." It was a very small boat, with a tiny engine giving motive power to a tiny screw, which propelled her about seven miles an hour; her torpedo was rigged to a spar at the bow. The name was given her by an officer in our navy, who saw in the likeness of the means to produce the effect a resemblance to the Scriptural David going out to slay Goliath with his sling.

The first attempt by a "David" was on the ironclad *New Ironsides*, off Charleston. Her valiant commander, with a crew of four men with life-preservers on, boldly ran up to the massive ship in the dark night, delivered the explosion, and jumped into the sea, her engineer and crew following. The engineer subsequently got into her, relighted her fires, and got her safely back to Charleston. On the night of February 17th, 1864, the sloop-of-war *Housatonic* was totally destroyed by a "David" while on blockading duty outside of Charleston, nearly all of her

officers and crew being saved. From this time, notwithstanding the great care and diligence of our naval officers, which were offset by the improvements to the pests continually being made by Confederate ingenuity, the destruction went on progressively, and led to counteracting devices on the side of the government. One of these was the employment of a simple steam-launch, with a spar-rigged torpedo at the bow—"David" fashion.

The *Commodore Barney*, a gun-boat in the James River, was hoisted at the stern by the explosion of a buoyant torpedo, which threw a tremendous fountain of dirty water over her, washing from her depressed bow a number of her crew, who perished. Not far from the same spot the *Commodore Jones* was literally blown to fragments by a torpedo containing 2,000 pounds of powder. In the Western rivers Admiral Porter's fleet was suffering the loss of gun-boats by the sub-aqueous terrors, while at the same time the Confederates were preparing to contest our command of the Atlantic waters by building ironclads. The history of the *Merrimac* everybody knows. She, after her great success, was blown up to prevent her falling into the hands of the Union navy.

While the work of torpedo destruction was being so successfully prosecuted throughout the South, the rebel ironclad *Albemarle*, roughly constructed on the Roanoke River, came out into Albemarle Sound and terrorized our wooden fleet there, sinking the *Southfield* by ramming, exploding the boilers of the *Sassacus*, and raising Cain generally. It was necessary to get rid of her, and to Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, a smooth-faced, long-haired young officer who had performed several daring exploits, was allotted the perilous task of destroying her.

The *Albemarle* was moored at Plymouth, on the Roanoke River, a stream about 500 feet wide, on the night of the 27th of October, when Lieutenant Cushing, with seven picked men, started from out the sound in his steam-launch, towing a boat with thirteen men. Silently the little boats entered the mouth of the Roanoke for Plymouth, eight miles away—an hour's run. The enemy's army, numbering thousands, occupied the town and forts, and the narrow river was well picketed, a guard being stationed on the unsubmerged deck of the sunken steamer *Southfield*, a mile below the town. Fortune favored the brave, and, successfully passing the river guard without discovery, Cushing cast off his tow opposite the ironclad, while simultaneously with a large fire which suddenly blazed forth from the river bank came a hot fusillade from the ship and men upon the shore. By the fire's light Cushing saw a guard of logs surrounding the ship, boomed out thirty feet from her side, but, undaunted, he turned so as to hit the booms at a right angle, and in the face of the firing ran square upon and over the shiny logs, and with headway nearly gone, as the firing temporarily ceased, answering nonchalantly the captain's hail with a joke, he found himself just where he wanted to be, nearly under the ram's quarter port, ten feet from the ugly muzzle of a one-hundred-pounder rifled gun.

Holding in the right hand the "heel-jigger" of the torpedo and in the left the exploding line, he stood calmly near the bow, the personification of cool, courageous heroism, as he gave the order to lower the boom, while the slight remaining motion of the launch carried the torpedo under the ram's overhang—then, a strong pull of the detaching line, a moment's pause for the rising of the torpedo under the hull, a slight pull by the left hand, just as it was cut by a bullet—the explosion, simultaneous with a discharge of canister from the hundred-pound rifle ten feet from his left ear, crashing into and splintering the launch, blinded with the thick, sulphurous smoke-cloud, drenched with the mass of water thrown up, his clothing with many bullet-holes—and the last of the *Albemarle*!

There is not in naval history such a marvelous example of coolness and professional skill, says I. R. Soley, as was shown by Cushing in this exploit. His adventures, after jumping from his disabled boat under a volley of musketry; chilled while swimming for the opposite shore, wandering and crawling through swamps and hiding in the day, swimming at night, avoiding pickets, finally capturing a little flat-bottomed boat used by the pickets, floating behind and pushing it away from him, finally getting into it and faintly paddling his way to the fleet in the sound—all these incidents would make a thrilling story of themselves. The nation has shown a just appreciation of his services by naming the speedy torpedo-boat *Cushing* in his memory.

The culmination of Confederate torpedo triumph was during the last naval operations in Mobile waters, where the waters engulfed the monitors *Tecumseh* and *Osage*—the latter during a heavy easterly blow, while shifting her position to prevent fouling other vessels. Many other vessels were destroyed or damaged by submarine agencies during these operations, which our limits will not permit to narrate.

The torpedo of the present is yet to make its record of destruction. What is designed to be done by its evolution is sufficiently indicated by the captions to the illustrations. The war with Spain, which seems imminent, may demonstrate its claims to pre-eminence as a destructive power, despite the counter efforts of rapid-fire and dynamite guns and torpedo destroyers.

FRANK H. SCHELL.

Life-insurance Questions.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

THE members of the Mutual Life Association, of Brooklyn, will be interested in the knowledge that the attorney-general of this State has been asked by the superintendent of insurance to begin an action to dissolve that association, on the ground of insolvency. Its annual report showed that its liabilities aggregated about \$25,000, while its assets are less than \$5,500. This marks the end of another assessment concern, against which I have warned my readers.

It will interest those of my readers who have policies in the Mutual Reserve to know that Justice Cohen, of the Supreme Court, has just refused an injunction to restrain the association from collecting its assessments as recently apportioned. The application was made by a policy-holder, and Justice Cohen held that it did not appear that the plaintiff had suffered or is

in danger of such injury as would entitle him to an injunction; that all of the allegations of the plaintiff were fully denied and overcome by the affidavits presented on behalf of the defendant, and because the granting of an injunction would be productive of great mischief and injury to the association in the prosecution of its business.

"F. D. F.," of Newport, Vermont, asks for information in reference to the Union Central Life, of Cincinnati, and the Northwestern Life, of Milwaukee. I have already, in previous issues, referred to both of these companies. They stand well in the insurance world, but my preference would be for one of the three great New York companies, which are the greatest in the business.

"J. E. C.," of High Point, North Carolina, who carries \$50,000 of life insurance, distributed among the Equitable, the New York Life, the Penn Mutual, and other companies, asks about additional insurance of a cheaper character, and wants my opinion of the Bankers Life of New York. This is scheduled under the list of co-operative companies, and is a concern doing a small amount of business, as compared with the large companies of this city. Its total income during 1896 was reported at a little over \$210,000. It paid to its members during that year \$84,835, while the expenses of its management were nearly \$100,000. It had over \$42,000 due from members for deferred and unreported premiums, and its resisted losses amounted to \$8,000. The total number of policies in force was 3,371. "J. E. C.," who is a man of affairs, can draw his own inferences from this report. If he thinks such a company would give him as good security as he now enjoys in the New York Life, the Equitable, the Penn Mutual, or as he would enjoy in the Mutual Life, then I have nothing to add. The ten-year accumulation policy, regarding which "J. E. C." inquires, is only one of the variations that nearly all insurance companies have in their forms of issuing policies. Some good men are connected with the Bankers Life. "J. E. C." also asks what I think of the Travelers Insurance Company. Its annual report indicates that it is all right.

"W. N. C.," of Lexington, Kentucky, inquires regarding the Provident and Savings Assurance Society, of New York. In LESLIE'S WEEKLY of March 10th I made some reference to the Provident Life Assurance Society, of New York. This is a stock company, which, during 1896, reported total receipts of \$2,235,000; commissions, salaries, bonuses, etc., paid to the amount of nearly half a million dollars; and policy-claims unpaid aggregating nearly a quarter of a million dollars. "W. N. C." asks if I think the company is solvent, and I reply in the affirmative. He also asks if insurance companies rely on their premiums to pay off death-claims. They rely on their premiums and what their premiums may earn. As a large company has a large amount of money to invest, it is in a better position to take advantage of business opportunities than a small company with a smaller capital to invest. It is for this reason that the large companies promise and give better security than the small and struggling concerns. "W. N. C." might well study the reports of the various life-insurance companies which are annually made, and which are documents of considerable value. This would give him better light on the business than any book that I could recommend. This reply will also answer the inquiry of "Anxious," of New York City, who says he has "a twenty-year bond of the Provident Savings Life," and questions whether he should keep it.

"B. F. B.," of New York, who is insured in the Mutual Life, sends me two illustrations, one of which accompanied his policy and one of which was shown him before he was insured. They differ in the amount of premiums called for. "B. F. B." asks for an explanation. I wish he would ask the agent of the company and report the answer to me.

"F. T. L.," of Grand Rapids, Michigan, says he is carrying \$2,000 in the Maccabees and \$2,000 in the Bankers of Des Moines, and would like to know if the latter is to be preferred to the former. I should certainly prefer the Bankers. He also holds policies in the New York Life and the Equitable, and, as far as these are concerned, he need give himself absolutely no uneasiness.

The Hermit.

Financial—War and Stocks.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

As far as the stock-market is concerned, war is a good thing for speculation, because it keeps the currents of activity in operation; this prevents a sluggish market. Every victory means a point for the bulls, every reverse a point for the bears. A lively stock-market requires a lively condition of affairs in the financial and commercial world, and nothing makes the market more lively than war news, which may be full of inspiration one day and full of depression the next. In such a market every one has a chance to speculate and every one a chance to win, and, of course, to lose.

"J. A. R.," of New York, wants to know if I do not believe there is a broker in New York who will accept money for discretionary speculation, taking a part of the profits for his remuneration, and deal squarely with his customer. I reply that every broker who buys and sells stock for a customer takes his pay in a percentage on the business done. Nearly every broker will accept a commission such as my correspondent refers to. Established houses no doubt will deal with entire honesty with their clients, and yet it seems to me that a man who has money to invest should make a study of his investments and decide for himself. This is not difficult. Poor's Manual will give him full data in reference to any railroad property, the amount of its bonds and stock, etc. The earnings of the railroads are printed weekly, so that comparisons can be made and the investor can judge whether or not a railroad is enjoying a season of prosperity or adversity. Certain gilt-edged stocks, of course, which are known to be absolutely safe, always furnish good opportunities for investment whenever a great decline occurs in the nature of a slump or a panic. I have no doubt that "J. A. R." will find plenty of brokers who will be glad to take his money and speculate with it, but I am afraid that he would find the results far from satisfactory.

"R.," of Baltimore, wants information about the Electrolytic

Marine Salts Co., of North Lubec, Maine, with offices in Boston. He says they extract gold and silver from ocean-water, selling their shares at \$1 each. He asks if I consider this a safe investment. I reply that I certainly do not. Extraction of gold from ocean-water has long been one of the speculative possibilities. Gold no doubt exists in sea-water but the amount is so infinitesimal that I greatly doubt if the business can ever be done on a commercial basis. The Maine proposition, as far as I have seen it exploited in the press, must be considered more in the light of a speculation than a "safe investment."

"P. L. C.," of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, asks for information regarding the Investors Guarantee and Trust Company, 40 Exchange Place, New York. This company was organized last December, and has a capital stock of \$1,000,000, of which \$10,000 has been paid in. It does a brokerage business, and its prospectus promises large fortunes for its patrons. I do not think that any of the officials of the company are members of the Stock Exchange, and therefore I do not see that they have any special advantages over other outsiders. My own judgment and experience lead me to believe that it is most profitable to keep away from investments that promise more than can reasonably be expected.

"F. M.," of Newark, New Jersey, sends me circulars issued by A. H. Wilcox & Co., 529 Broadway, offering enormous returns on investments in a Wyoming oil syndicate. Among the circulars sent out by this concern is one which contains a complimentary notice of Wilcox & Co., credited to Judge. I am authorized by the publishers of *Judge* to say that no such notice ever appeared in that paper unless it was a paid advertisement. The Wilcox scheme, on its face, is absurd, and the promises made it would be impossible for any respectable house to make and keep. The *New York World*, not long ago, had an interesting article in reference to one A. H. Wilcox, but I fail to find that any part of it is quoted in the circular that has been sent to me.

JASPER.

French Plays by Harvard Students.

MUCH interest was manifested in the presentation by the students of Harvard University, by the Le Cercle Français, of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," with Gounod's music and ballets, in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, and in Copley Hall, Boston, recently. Professor F. Bocher lectured in English on April 8th, in anticipation of the performance, which followed in Cambridge on the 11th and 14th, and at Boston on April 12th. Professor Bocher explained the subject, characters, principal situations, and the *mise-en-scène*. The cast of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" was made up as follows:

Sganarelle, R. L. Hoguet, '99; Martine, E. L. Dudley, 1900; Géronte, H. F. Robinson, '98; Lucinde, J. W. Frothingham, '99; Léandre, G. H. Miffin, 1900; M. Robert, P. J. Sachs, 1900; Valère, H. B. Stanton, 1900; Lucas, B. F. Bell, 1900; Jacqueline, J. S. Holliday, 1900; Thibaut, F. W. Morrison, 1900; Perrin, R. S. Holland, 1900.

There were three ballets in the performance. The first, at the end of the first act, was a "Peasants' Ballet," danced in French sabots. For this dance the men were as follows:

G. K. Denny, '99; P. M. Lansdale, 1901; A. M. Tozzer, 1900; G. B. Kerper, '99; E. A. Young, '99; F. W. Blatchford, 1900; H. P. Clark, 1901; S. C. Cutler, '99.

Substitutes: T. M. Shaw, 1900; S. R. Maxwell, 1901; F. C. Sutro, '99; H. C. Blackwell, '99.

The second ballet, coming at the end of the second act, was a "Doctors' and Nurses' Ballet"; the doctors being large men, gowned in black, as was the custom of the time; and the small men, acting as nurses, were costumed in a light color, to make a contrast with the doctors. The men assigned to this dance were:

Doctors: G. Nichols, 1900; E. H. Graham, 1900; J. H. Hallowell, 1901; A. E. Corbin, 1901.

Nurses: W. Clough, 1900; C. S. Forbes, 1900; B. Taylor, 1901; J. E. Rousmaniere, '99.

Substitutes: L. C. Ledyard, 1900; H. P. Clark, 1901; H. C. Force, 1901; F. L. Beecher, '98; T. M. Shaw, 1900; R. H. Greeley, 1901.

The third and final ballet was a "Wedding Ballet," and came at the end of the third act. The men for this were as follows:

Men: J. D. Barney, 1900; T. J. Eastman, 1901; O. Howes, Jr., 1900; G. A. Cole, '99; L. C. Ledyard, Jr., 1900; T. M. Shaw, 1900.

Women: D. Harris, 1900; H. Tapin, 1900; F. L. Beecher, '98; A. M. Rock, 1900; R. H. Greeley, 1901.

Substitutes: P. Shaw, '99; G. G. Hubbard, 1900; T. Michelson, 1901; L. C. Williams, 1900.

The music was furnished by the Pierian Sodality, of Harvard, and by the crack student orchestra of the university. The programme was printed entirely from the University Press of Cambridge, and included a reproduction of seventeenth-century engravings of Molière, the latter's coat-of-arms, and a tail-piece symbolical of the play. M. Gibbe, of Boston, was the professional coach, and J. J. Coleman coached the students for the ballets. Following were the patronesses of the Boston performance:

Mrs. Fred L. Ames, Mrs. C. W. Amory, Mrs. Francis I. Amory, Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe, Mrs. George Baty Blake, Mrs. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Mrs. R. M. Cushing, Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. J. R. Hooper, Mrs. R. C. Hooper, Mrs. William Hooper, Mrs. Henry S. Howe, Mrs. Arthur Hunnewell, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. Frank Gair Macomber, Mrs. E. Rollins Morse, Mrs. John Endicott Peabody, Mrs. Moses Williams, Miss Winsor, Mrs. Philip Dexter, Miss Emerson, Mrs. J. W. Farlow, Mrs. John L. Gardner, Miss Folsom, Mrs. C. P. Greenough, Mrs. Charles Head, Mrs. T. M. Rotch, Mrs. Charles S. Sargent, Mrs. F. R. Sears, Jr., Mrs. Herbert M. Sears, Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Mrs. George R. Shaw, Mrs. William Tudor, Mrs. Frank Wells, Miss Ward, Mrs. Barrett Wendell, Mrs. Alexander Whiteside, Mrs. Harold Williams.

The patronesses of the Cambridge performances were:

Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mademoiselle Bocher, Mrs. L. B. R. Briggs, Mrs. L. Carr, Mrs. Darrach, Mrs. J. C. Fiske, Mrs. Arthur Gilman, Mrs. Goodale, Mrs. B. F. Goodrich, Mrs. J. P. Hopkinson, Mrs. C. E. Hubbard, Miss Irwin, Miss Longfellow, Mrs. M. H. Morgan, Miss Grace Norton, Miss Sara Norton, Mrs. Charles Peabody, Mrs. E. C. Pickering, Mrs. F. C. de Sumichrast, Mrs. J. B. Train, Mrs. J. B. Warner, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, Mrs. J. W. White.

All the parts, including the female characters, were, of course, taken by the students, and all were highly complimented on the great success with which their parts were assumed. The illustrations appear on page 270 of this issue.



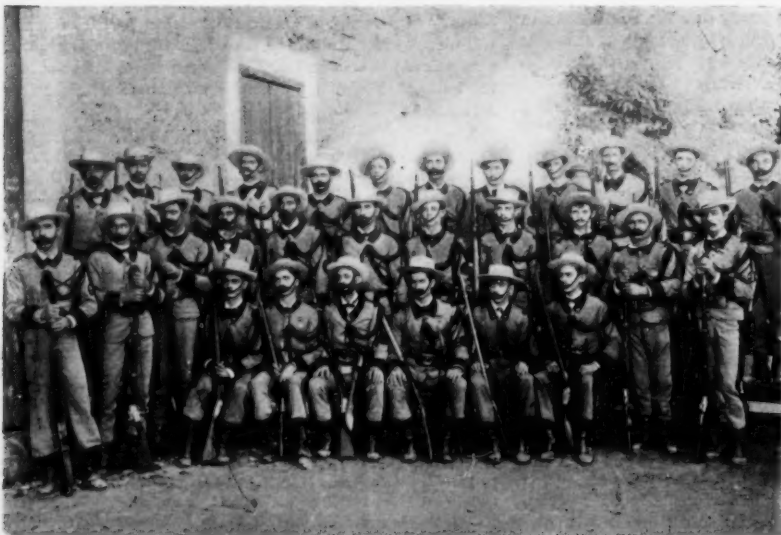
OUTSKIRTS OF HAVANA—CIVIL GUARD BRINGING IN TWO INSURGENT PACIFICOS PRISONERS TO THEIR CHIEF.



INSURGENT CAMP—GENERAL ACESTA, INSURGENT CHIEF, IN THE CENTRE, READING THE NEWS.



COLUMN OF SPANISH SOLDIERS IN PINAR DEL RIO FIRING FROM EVERY POINT AT THE INSURGENTS, WHO SURROUND THEM.



THE CRACK COMPANY OF THE CRACK REGIMENT OF SPANISH VOLUNTEERS.



SPANISH SOLDIERS BURYING A DEAD COMRADE AFTER A SKIRMISH; A DAILY OCCURRENCE.

THE CUBANS FIGHT WHILE WE MEDIATE.

INCIDENTS OF THE STRUGGLE OF THE INSURGENTS IN CUBA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 263.]

The Merit
of absolute **PURITY**,
fine **BOUQUET** and
moderate **PRICE** has
brought

Great Western

to the first place in
American Champagnes
and enabled it to dis-
place the high-priced
foreign wines in many
homes, clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this
season is especially dry
and pleasing.

**Pleasant Valley
Wine Co.,**
SOLE MAKERS,
Rheims, - N. Y.

SOLD BY
H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y.
S. S. PIERCE CO., Boston.



SPRING CLOTHES.

Oh, there's nothing new under the sun,
In rapture, in rhyming or reason,
That poet and song have not done
Exalting the beautiful season.

The crocus, the wind's caress,
The branch, and the nesting upon it,
While I resurrect my last year's dress,
And remodel my last year's bonnet.

Oh, the winter comes and it goes,
Spring wakes with its beauty and passion;
If nature would only make over old clothes
And renovate them into fashion.—*Judge.*

A VALUABLE RECRUIT.

GENERAL GOLDBRAIDO—"So you wish to en-
list in the Spanish infantry, do you? Have
you good qualifications?"

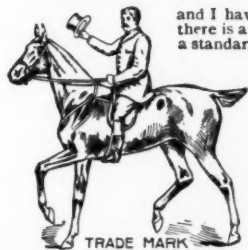
Spanish recruit—"I have a record of thirty
minutes in the six-mile run."

General Goldbraido—"Excellentissimo per-
fecto! I will make you an infantry captain
and you shall lead your soldiers in glorious re-
treats. Eccellenza! There will be a few Span-
ish left after a fight."—*Judge.*

It is sometimes easier to forget than not to
think. It is sometimes easier not to think than
to forget.—*Judge.*

Advertise in Leslie's.

"Wherefore all this Success



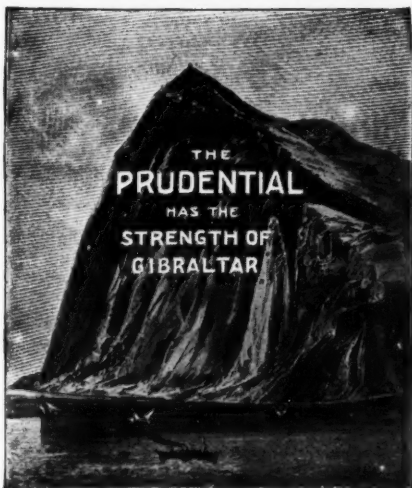
and I have none?" saith the croaker. A word of advice—produce what
there is a great demand for, at any cost, and you'll succeed. Keep it at
a standard of excellence and hold it there. Americans like a good thing
and will pay for it. Americans hate a mean thing and won't
have it. Thus, the

Hunter Baltimore Rye

reached the standard of the best, and is known as The
American Gentleman's Whiskey. It is pure, mellow, and ten
years old. Regardless of cost, it will maintain this high mark.
Physicians prescribe and recommend it for its purity. Club-
men everywhere prefer it for its pure, rich flavor and its effect
as a tonic stimulant.

Human Intellect

has devised no bet-
ter system for the
benefit of mankind than
LIFE INSURANCE.



**THE
PRUDENTIAL**

represents the widest ex-
tension of the plan. It
insures Both Sexes. All
Ages, 1 to 70.

Amounts, \$15 to \$50,000.

Premiums payable yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, weekly.
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

**"WELL BRED, SOON WED." GIRLS
WHO USE**

SAPOLIO
ARE QUICKLY MARRIED.

WIESBADEN **NEAR THE
Rhine.**

Exceptionally Favorable Climatic Conditions.

Open throughout the year: Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter Seasons.
Celebrated Salt Baths, 55 Degrees Reaumur.
29 Bath-houses, with 1000 Bathing Cabinets, Shower and Needle Baths, etc.
Over 100 favorite hotels, houses with furnished rooms, etc.

Cold-water cures, Electric, Pine-needles, Russian, Roman, Irish, Steam, Moor baths: also Air baths,
Steam baths, and Medical baths of all kinds. Electrotherapy, Orthopedic, Movement cures,
Massage institutions for the cure of nervous complaints. Morphine cures, etc. Celebrated Eye,
Diet, Kneipp, Earth, Milk cures, etc. All Mineral waters, etc. Inhalation cures.

Covered halls, promenades. In Autumn, Grape cure. Celebrated specialists.
Kur-house with Concert. Reading (over 300 periodicals), Conversation, Play, Dance, Restaurant
halls, and beautiful Park. Three Concerts daily. Renowned special fetes, such as Garden and
Night, Fireworks, Racing, Regattas, Balls, Reunions, Concerts, Artistic Coryphees,
Lectures, etc. Lawn tennis, Bicycle Tracks, Picturesque views, Great Forests. Richly
endowed Royal Theatre, Opera. Theatre first-class. Numerous private Theatres
(Operettas, Specialties, etc.), Museum, Art Galleries, Permanent Expositions.

The best society, fashionable residences, comfortable dwellings, villas, flats, etc. Celebrated schools,
(classical, boarding, music). Low tax rate. Centre for travelers.

Illustrated prospectus sent free on application to the manager of the Kur-Anstalt, Wiesbaden.

The Wanamaker Store.

**A Chapter of Values
From the Dress Goods Counters.**

This small type detail is rather a hard thing to read, but there's much
of interest and profit in it to the readers who understand goods, and who
know regular figures. Look over that which follows, and prove this to
your own satisfaction.

Of course there is a good deal more than merely less prices to be
inquired into. Style counts for much,—we think it counts for most.
Originality and novelty are important, and the element of exclusiveness,
which prevents your being duplicated at every corner, is a strong feature
with us. You will note that it is a diverse assortment, in which prices
run from pennies to dollars. But all those elements are considered in
each, whatever the price. The mail order people are ready with samples
for you, of all or anything.

BLACK MOHAIRS AND SICILIANS

36-inch Plain Black Mohair, at 28c.
36-inch Plain Black Mohair, at 37½c.
36-inch Plain Black Mohair, at 50c.
42-inch Plain Black Mohair, at 65c.
46-inch Plain Black Mohair, at 75c.
46-inch Plain Black Mohair, at \$1.
46-inch Plain Black Mohair, at \$1.25.
52-inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian,
at 75c.
50-inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian,
at 90c.
46-inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian,
at \$1.10.
56-inch Plain Black Mohair Sicilian,
at \$1.50.
36-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 37½c.
38-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 50c.
44-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 65c.
44-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at 75c.
48-inch Figured Black Mohairs, at \$1.

BLACK DRESS GOODS

Two popular stuffs; big values at little
cost.
38-inch all-wool Challis, at 31c.; worth
40c.
50-inch all-wool Storm Serge, at 50c.;
worth 65c.

BLACK NOVELTY STUFFS

Silk ribbon taffeta bayadere plaid grena-
dine Epingline, at \$4.50.
Silk-and-wool gauze Crepon, with baya-
dere cords, at \$4.
Silk-and-wool crocodile Crepon, at \$4.
Silk-and-wool escurial lace Crepon, with
bayadere cords, at \$4.
Silk figured iron frame Grenadine, at \$3.
Knotted silk ribbon stripe gauze Crepon,
at \$3.
And a silk crocodile Crepon, that is light
as zephyr; the crepon held in place by
ingenious little meshes on the back of
the goods; price \$1 a yd. Value, \$1.25.

SCOTCH GINGHAMS

Fancy bordered Gingham, 37½c.
Loop corded plaid Gingham, 31c.
Fancy corded plaid Gingham, 25c.
Bright Tartan plaid Gingham, 31c.
Fancy stripe-plaid Gingham, 20c.
Plaid and Check Gingham (light and
dark), 22c.
Fancy corded check and stripe Mad-
ras, 25c.
Bright plaid Cheviots, 35c.
Plaid and stripe Toile du Nord (Linen
Gingham), 25c. and 45c.

AMERICAN GINGHAMS

Plaid and stripe Gingham, at 6¼c.,
8½c., 9c., 12½c., 15c., and 25c. a
yard. All these are extra good values
—the first two especially.
Bright Tartan plaid Cheviots, at 25c.
Shirting and Shirt Waist styles in beau-
tiful Cheviots, all exclusive patterns—
10c., 12½c., 15c., 25c.
Shirt Waist and Shirting patterns in
pretty Madras, at 18c. and 25c. These
are two striking values, and the pattern-
selection is very large.

PRINTED COTTONS

12½c. Printed Lawns, at 7c.
12½c. Printed Lawns, at 10c.
Printed Dimities, at 12½c.
Printed figured Swisses, at 12½c.
Printed dotted Swisses, at 15c.
Printed stripe Organdies, at 18c.
Printed Organdie, at 17c. and 25c.
Printed Cheviot, at 25c.
Printed Irish linen Lawns, at 25c. and
31c.
Printed Irish Dimities, at 25c.
Printed French Organdie Lisse, at 35c.
Printed French Organdie Raye, at 37½c.
Printed French Organdie Carreaux, at
37½c.

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HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

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CANDY CATHARTIC.



REGULATE
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10c 25c 50c
ALL DRUGGISTS.



**PATRONIZE AMERICAN INDUSTRIES
WEAR KNOX'S HATS
MADE BY AMERICAN LABOR**

Morning, Noon, and Night Splendid Trains to Chicago—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.



BREECH-HOOPS FOR TWELVE-INCH GUNS.

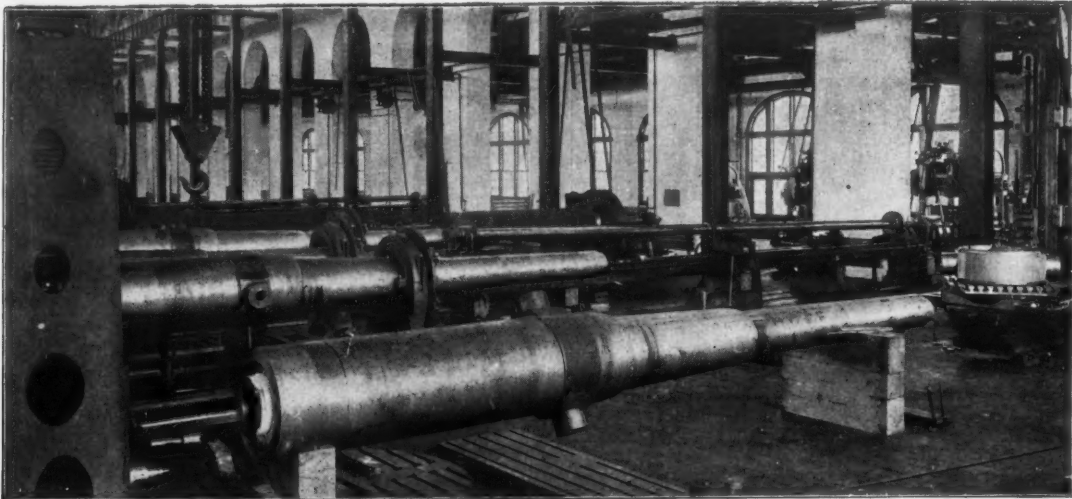
A Great Government Work-shop.

ACTIVITY AT THE WATERVLIET ARSENAL—REMARKABLE FACTS ABOUT THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

ONE of the sights worth seeing at any time on the banks of the upper Hudson, between Albany and Troy, is the immense buildings and spacious and beautiful grounds, dotted with pyramids of cannonballs, belonging to the United States Arsenal at Watervliet. Special and peculiar interest attaches to this place just now, for war and preparations for war have brought a great rush of business to the gun-makers everywhere, and gun-making is almost the sole industry of Watervliet.

The Federal government has over \$3,000,000 invested in the business here, and one of the largest and finest plants in the world. Special attention is given to the manufacture of guns for harbor and seacoast defense, and over 200 of these have been turned out since the arsenal was established in 1888, besides a number of twelve-inch mortars.

The largest gun thus far manufactured was a twelve-inch breech-loader, forty feet long, weighing fifty-seven tons, and with a carrying capacity of ten miles. But work is now in progress on another man-destroyer of much more formidable dimensions. This will have a sixteen-inch diameter; it will be nearly fifty feet long, and it will hurl a projectile weighing over 2,300 pounds for a distance of twelve miles. This monster will cost about \$120,000, and to plant it and supply it with the necessary adjuncts for



A BIG SEA-COAST GUN.

practical service will cost at least \$250,000 more.

It is proposed to set this giant coast-defender, when completed, on the fortifications at Romer Shoals, where it is expected to protect the harbor of New York against all comers having a hostile intent. Lieutenant Meigs, of the navy, who has superintended the castings for this gun, estimates that a blow from it would have a striking energy equal to the blow of a 2,000-ton ship running at full speed.

No war-vessel afloat, it is said, could resist such an impact. In fact it is believed that this gun will be the largest and most powerful of its kind in the world. The gun will be tested, it is said, at Sandy Hook, and to prove acceptable it must be able to

withstand charges of powder, when fired, that will develop a pressure of 38,000 pounds to the square inch. The completion of this great defender is awaited by the government authorities with intense interest. It is hoped to have it ready for service in a few months.

Work is also being pushed rapidly at Watervliet on a large number of field- and siege-guns, and many of these have already been shipped to different forts along the coast. Over 500 men are at work in the different shops, and operations are carried on night and day. The entire area occupied by the government works at Watervliet, including the park and practice grounds, is about 138 acres. The illustrations we print through the courtesy of the Troy (New York) Times.



MAIN AISLE OF NORTH WING OF GUN-SHOP.



"Valère," H. B. Stanton, 1900. "Lucinde," J. W. Frothingham, '99. "Jacqueline," J. H. Holliday, 1900. "Géronte," H. F. Robinson, '98. "Sganarelle," R. L. Hoguet, '99. "Lucas," B. F. Bell, 1900.

THE "DOCTOR" FEELING LUCINDE'S PULSE.



"Léandre," G. H. Mifflin, 1900. "Lucinde," J. W. Frothingham, '99.

THE LOVERS.



"Martine," E. L. Dudley, 1900. "Sganarelle," R. L. Hoguet, '99. "M. Robert," P. J. Sachs, 1900.



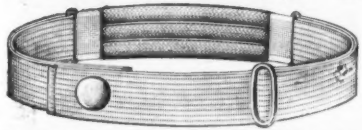
"Léandre," G. H. Mifflin, 1900. "Lucinde," J. W. Frothingham, '99. "Géronte," H. F. Robinson, '98.

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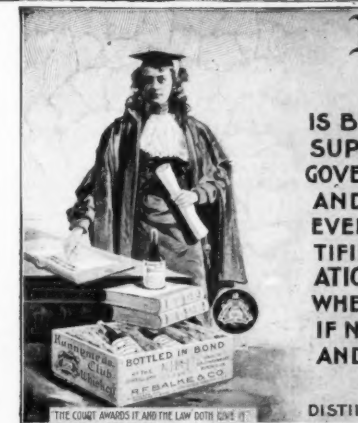
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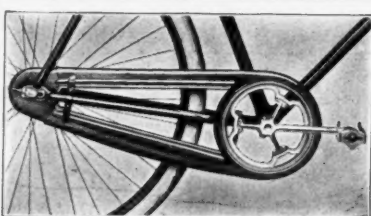
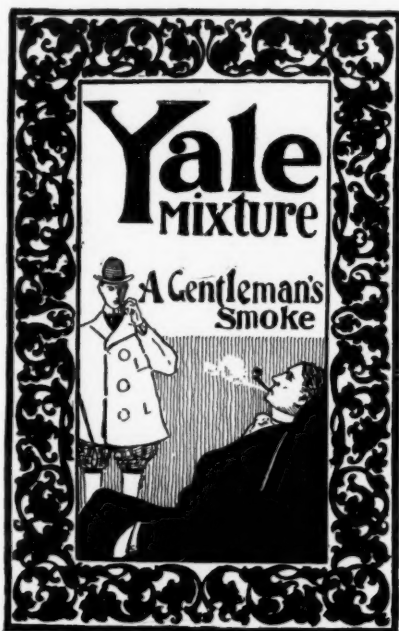
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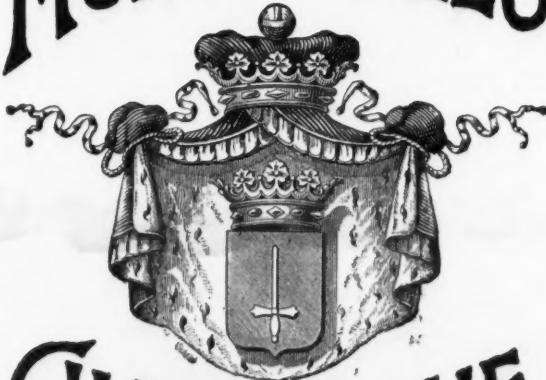
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